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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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THE QUEER HOMAGE EXACTED BY AN IMPERIOUS SOCIETY BELLE FROM HER ADMIRERS AS THE CONDITIONS UPON WHICH THEY BE PERMITTED TO ENJOY HER SOCIETY—PERSIAN CUSTOMS INTRODUCED INTO THE CODE OF UPPER-TENDOM'S ETIQUETTE—THE WHIMSICAL FREAKS AND FANCIES INDULGED IN BY THE GIDDY GIRLS OF GOTHAM.—SEE PAGE 2.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1848.
RICHARD K. FOX, - - - - - Proprietor.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1880.

The coming year promises to be one of the most interesting and important of this eventful and crowded century. THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE will in the future, as it has in the past, keep fully abreast of the times. Our facilities for gathering and illustrating in an artistic manner the current events of the day are of the most perfect description, and our readers may rest assured that nothing of an improper character or inconsistent with the sphere of illustrated journalism will find a place in its columns. THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE is printed and published in the city of New York, and can command all the advantages which a great artistic and literary centre afford, being thus enabled to be always first in the field in depicting accurately and with that high excellence which the best talent in every department can give.

In addition to the many and varied features which now illuminate the pages of THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, we shall, during the year, add many new ones of which due announcement will be made from time to time that cannot but still further enhance and beautify its pages, and thus retain its place as the leading illustrated journal of the country and beyond the reach of all competitors.

There is no other illustrated journal published in the city of New York, of the same or similar name, devoted to the interests that find expression in THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, and it has therefore no competition or connection whatever with any imitators closely copying its title for the purpose of profiting by the reputation which has been solidly and permanently built up by its brightness and excellence. THE GAZETTE has frequently suffered from this confusion and plagiarism of titles, and we desire to warn the public in the matter. In all cases ask for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE of New York, and see that the place of publication and the name of the proprietor is clearly set forth.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
P. O. Box 40. William and Spruce Sts., New York City.

Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

D. A. B., Lorette, Kan.—Not sensational enough.
A. M., Baltimore, Md.—Will soon publish a large portrait of the actress you name.
BURNETT W., Albion, Ind.—Thanks for attention and kindness; will be pleased to reciprocate.
W. M., Chicago, Ill.—Photo received, and will appear in next issue; too late for the present.
W. W. S., Houston, Tex.—Sketch received; hardly of sufficient general interest. Have made arrangements already with party in your city.
DAYTON, O.—Photos of Officer Lyman and John Francis came to hand in time. You will find them in this issue. Notify your friends of this fact.
J. W. S., Newberne, N. C.—Your communication would do very well for your local paper; it is of no use to us; thanks for attention.

W. V. D., Morristown, N. J.—Do not go to any further trouble in the matter. Will be out of date now. Call and see us when in the city.
H. L. C., Richmond, Va.—Your sketch is a very good one, but hardly adapted to our columns. Will return at once.

LAS VEGAS, Cal.—Advertisements pertaining to the capture of criminals will be received at our regular advertising rates. They are generally of no interest except to the parties concerned.

JNO. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—By addressing a letter to the San Francisco post-office you will be able to find either of the men you name. Both are so well known that a letter directed to them at that place will be received by them.

W. O. F., JR., Rockland, Me.—Thanks for free advertisement. Your generosity almost took away our breath. We know it is a little "off color" to look a gift-horse in the mouth, but if you are taken with any more such generous freaks, be more general in your description. Do not confine yourself to only one feature. You have evidently retained your boyish admiration for our paper, a fact very complimentary to the present management.

FRANK D. SMITH, care of John J. Moore, N. Y. P. O.—You are very evidently a member of the numerous "Sneak Family." We have no directory of quacks or dealers in obscene pictures. By referring to this column you will find that you are but alone in your wants. Address "Small," and possibly you can organize with him a mutual exploration society for things of the nature you desire. Both being cast in the same dirty mould, you would without doubt succeed.

ALBERT A. SMALL, Hartford, Conn.—Your letter proves most conclusively that you are a contemptible puppy. Furthermore, you show yourself to be possessed of the vilest tastes. If you desire food for your bestial mind, seek it in some other quarter than this office. We have a very effective cure for individuals of your purulent nature, and any time you will call on us personally we will be most happy to administer it. We do not deal in pictures of the kind you desire, and the fact will be made manifest any time you see fit to make us a visit.

A FEATHER IN OUR CAP.

Despite the croaking and fault-finding peculiar to the Miss Prigs who compose a part of society, the GAZETTE has become a very potent factor for good. If evidence is wanting to substantiate this assertion, let these "truly good" people find it in the police records of the past week. Our daily contemporaries, with misplaced zeal, have devoted their talents to the exposure of frauds, political and otherwise—for the most part imaginary—ignoring the fact that right in their midst exists evils of vastly more consequence.

"People who live in glass houses should not throw stones," is a very old adage, but it illustrates very aptly the position occupied by a majority of the newspapers published in this city. Their columns are daily filled with diatribes against this sect, party and individual, whereas if the same energy and brain were employed in righting evils and abuses about them, the city would be improved, society bettered and the general welfare of its citizens greatly enhanced.

But they seem to have studiously avoided the moral corruption that exists so perennially in every quarter. Single-handed the GAZETTE entered into the warfare, determined to persist until some of the foul blots upon the city's good name should be wiped out. It has not hesitated to call things by their right name, nor failed to paint in the most vivid colors, both by pen and illustration, the wickedness and human degradation that makes New York a term of reproach and a place to be shunned.

That its labors in the good work have not been in vain, the recent raid on the notorious "The," Allen's dive affords ample proof. This man has delighted for many years in defying law and promoting the increase of vice, and in this unholy career he has been aided and abetted by men who have been entrusted with the power to curb and prevent such characters from corrupting the morals of the people. If the authorities will license dives of the nature of the "Mabille," then they should protect them. It is a poor policy, and a very unjust one, that invests a man with the privilege to commit crime and then attacks him for committing it. The root of half the wickedness that New York is cursed with springs from a laxity in the administration of its laws—and in none more particularly than those governing the sale of liquor. With but few exceptions these laws are very explicit in defining who shall and who shall not engage in the traffic, and very clearly set forth the conditions which shall entitle a man to sell liquor. If the Excise Board will examine their duties, they will find no authority for licensing dives of the above character. Strip them of the right to deal out spirits to their patrons, and their backbone for perpetuating and promoting vice is broken.

REFORM THE PARSONS.

The wonderful aptitude displayed by the clergy of late for falling from grace is well calculated to awaken feelings of apprehension in the breast of every man who cares for the moral condition of his kind. One can scarcely pick up a paper in which some reverend fraud is not unmasked and his various little eccentricities unfolded to the disgust and regret of the community.

The strangest feature of these developments is that each one seem to mark a new phase of clerical sin. First we were nauseated with the amours of the clergy, then came an era of dishonest commercial transaction, and now we are deluged, as it were, with kissing parsons, who evince a passion amounting almost to a mania for osculatory sweets outside the domain of their right.

In this particular species of the clerical miscreant Hoboken seems to be the most prolific.

During the past week two very flagrant cases of this kind have been brought to light, and in both cases the offenders have been always regarded as the most spotless exemplars of all the Christian graces. One had become so blunted in his sense of propriety as to gratify his kissing propensities with a married lady during her husband's absence, and when surprised in his little enjoyment assumed such an air of injured innocence that said husband was for the moment prone to think himself an intruder and busybody.

We are afraid that the recent trial at Kensico, N. J., of a clergyman for promiscuous kissing among the members of his congregation, in which he was reprimanded and the decision rendered that in doing so he had only been imprudent and not immoral, has established a very bad precedent and one which will be construed by the parsons after their own inclinations and prove the forerunner of an unlimited number of kissing scrapes. Heaven forbid! For candidly, with the past in mind, we have not a very high opinion of clerical virtue or of their powers of Christian self-denial unless something stronger than the mere restraint of a conference is placed upon them.

What is needed is a thorough purging of the profession from all these hypocritical scallawags with low impulses and unbridled passions, and the inculcation of a higher standard of morals among those who assume to teach and lead men in the ways of morality. The guilty but don't do it

again policy is a bad one and productive of great evil. Summary dismissal from all clerical duties should be the rule in every case.

WALL STREET SHARPS.

The recent movement begun for the suppression of bogus firms of brokers in this city is one that will commend itself to the approval of the entire country. Their system of doing business has been so palpably dishonest that it is surprising that they should have been permitted to exist so long a time without interference. The victims of their crooked practices are mostly of the rural districts. Gulled by plausible advertisements of the immense sums of money to be made by investments in "puts" and "calls," hundreds of avaricious idiots have been victimized out of their hard-earned savings, with no redress for their folly.

These firms are nothing more than "confidence" swindlers, and the Society for the Prevention of Crime will perform a laudable duty in breaking every one of them up. Merely arresting and fining them will avail nothing. Imprisonment is the only remedy that will effect a permanent good.

Persian Customs in New York.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The vagaries which enter into the fair heads of upper-tendons are numerous and varied. "Variety is the spice of life" with them, and their brains are continually taxed to create new ideas and innovations which shall afford an opportunity to cut loose from customs incompatible—according to their notions—with the nineteenth century spirit of progress. That they display a remarkable versatility in this occupation is evidenced by the many strange customs which have been introduced into high life—customs which would make their staid and dignified old grandmothers wince with fear for the principles of etiquette which they sought to establish.

A well-known traveler and author has recently published a work on his travels in the land of the Shah. The various eccentricities of that very eccentric country are described in the most graphic manner, and some social life depicted which has heretofore been veiled from the curious gaze of travelers in that country.

Being one of the lights among the gay circle who compose the "toney" world, his revelations have received great attention, and particularly among the giddy throng who constantly haunter after the curious and romantic side of life.

By some means not revealed in his narrative, he managed to obtain an *entree* to a reception given by a Persian belle, and describes very graphically the singular formalities which were gone through by those who were made the recipients of her hospitality. Reclining upon a luxurious divan, at the foot of which was placed an elegant robe made of leopard skin, the autocratic dame compelled all her visitors to pay tribute for the privilege of her society by kissing her dainty pedal extremity—yelept her big toe.

This was something rich, indeed. Why not introduce the fashion in America? thought one of his fair readers. To think was to act with her. The chance for testing the depth of her male admirers' professed admiration for her beauty was too good to be ignored, and cards of invitation to a reception at her home were sent out, with mysterious hints that a new custom was to be christened and established. Providing herself with the means to carry out her plan in the orthodox Persian style, she placed her maid as sentinel outside her door to unfold the conditions upon which her visitors were to be admitted within the precincts of her boudoir. Strange as it may seem, the male noodles, without a single exception, complied with her strange decree, and the imperious belle proved most satisfactorily that beauty rules everything and commands obedience the world over, however exacting her behests.

A Big Haul.

[With Portrait.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 9.—Gideon M. Berry, book keeper for ex-Sheriff Nunan, has disappeared, and is reported a defaulter to the extent of \$20,000. He left this city on the 22d ult., and has not since been seen, though his absence excited no special comment until Thursday. There was nothing in particular to argue against him, except that his prolonged absence—he having left on an ostensible pleasure trip to San Jose and Santa Clara—could not be understood, and that he had taken the key of Mr. Nunan's safe, which contained considerable money and jewelry, received from litigants and others while Mr. Nunan was in office, and for which he is yet responsible. The law requires that the Sheriff shall wind up all his public business when his term of office expires, and he does not turn over unsettled matters to the care of his successor. Upon the beginning of Sheriff Desmond's term Berry was retained by Nunan as bookkeeper until his official business would be settled. A safe was secured in a small room back of Desmond's office, facing the center court of the old City Hall, for the keeping of papers and property. Berry had the only key to the safe, hence when his absence excited fears of something wrong, no one could open it without bursting it. Berry was bookkeeper under Sheriffs Adams and McKibbin and in both of Nunan's terms, and his friends refused to admit the possibility of his default. Yet Mr. Nunan asked permission of Sheriff Desmond to break open the safe last Monday through his attorney, Mr. C. Hassett, but was refused. At noon yesterday Coroner Dorr appeared with a writ of replevin for a large box of jewelry, and the safe was chiselled open in the presence of Messrs. Desmond, Dorr, Miller and others. It was then discovered that there was a deficit of about \$20,000, though the exact amount is not known. Berry is an English Jew; height, about 5 feet, 6 inches; black curly hair; slightly bald; black mustache; features oval; full, high forehead; eyes black and large eyebrows, dark;

cast in one eye; walks with a shuffling gait, with head inclined a little to one side. Was last seen in this city on Christmas eve last.

A Negro Pays the Penalty.

OWEGO, N. Y., Jan. 21.—The first infliction of capital punishment in Tioga county occurred here to-day at noon, when Daniel Searles, an illiterate negro, who in June last murdered Eldridge Rewey, an aged farmer, who lived alone in the neighboring village of Newark Valley, was hanged. The murder was for the purpose of robbery, and was one of fiendish atrocity. Calling at the farmer's house in the early evening of June 25, Searles felled his victim senseless to the floor and then cut his throat with a razor. He obtained about \$300 by searching the house. On preparing to leave, he noticed that Rewey had revived. He had also drawn a knife from his pocket as if to defend himself. This the negro wrested from him, and with it he nearly decapitated Rewey. He was arrested the next day, tried before Judge Follett at Owego, and on December 8 was sentenced to be hanged to-day.

Searles has made no attempt to deny his guilt, openly confessing the crime and saying that he deserved to die for it. He has preserved a brave exterior throughout and passed his last night on earth seemingly with less anxiety than did his executioner. The execution took place in a temporary frame structure in the jail yard erected for the purpose. A cordon of military attended. The gallows was the same on which Penwell was executed at Elmira in July, 1877, for wife murder. The ponderous drop weighed more than 300 pounds. The spectators were in attendance at a quarter to twelve, some 200 being present. Prayers were read in the prisoner's cell and the death warrant read to him.

Hard-Hitter Roany.

[With Portrait.]

PLYMOUTH, Pa., Jan. 10.—A party of young roughs about town gathered in the drinking saloon kept by Richard Wild. Late in the evening all became drunk, and several tussles were indulged in, which lasted but a few moments. Among the crowd were James Roany and Thomas Foley, the former a member of the well-known "Terry's Gang" of roughs. Foley was an inoffensive fellow, but given to periodical aprees. He did not join the party at the bar, but kept aloof. While standing near a post in the room, something excited his mirth, and he began to laugh very heartily. Roany at once conceived that Foley was making him a laughing-stock, and walking over to where he was standing, with one blow broke the poor fellow's neck, killing him almost instantly. The murderer fled, but was afterwards arrested, and is now in jail at this place. Roany has always been a hard character, and great indignation is felt against him for his brutal act.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portraits.]

Among the many beautiful women who grace the American stage, Miss Maud Moore can justly be entitled to take a front rank. To her beauty is added the possession of undoubted talent, a fact readily proved by the immense popularity she enjoys among all lovers of the burlesque stage. She is at present a reigning favorite in San Francisco, where she has been engaged for some time.

No less popular among the theatre-goers of Paris is Mlle. Marcus, leading lady of the Gaite. Commencing at the bottom round, she has won her way, step by step, by conscientious, meritorious work, and now enjoys the reward of her labors in being considered one of the leaders in her profession in that very critical city.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHER GAZETTE—Have the "Sultan Divan" and "Philharmonic" got licenses?—**QUEBEC.**
Apply at Police Headquarters. You will very soon obtain all the information you want.

EDITOR POLICE GAZETTE—Sir: I think you could employ your columns to much better purpose than attacking the dives by exposing the many faro banks that exist in every part of this city. Among the whole lot there are but very few "square" games. Ann and Barclay streets are fairly lined with them, and this is well-known to all patrolmen in the neighborhood. A VICTIM.

R. K. FOX—Dear Sir: I have noticed with much pleasure the noble stand you have taken against the "deadly dives" that infest this city. But are you not misdirecting your efforts for their suppression? If they are granted licenses by the Excise Commissioners they have a perfect right to carry on their business, as they please, provided, of course, that they are not too flagrantly immoral. If you would get at the root of the matter, warn up the Commissioners who grant them licenses. They are the ones who are directly responsible for the existence of these resorts. VERITAS.

EDITOR POLICE GAZETTE—Your editorial of last week, recommending the removal of Superintendent Walling, is well-timed, and will find favor with the majority of the Metropolitan force. As you say, he has been an excellent officer in time past, but he has lost the faculty of inspiring discipline and efficiency in his subordinates. We all know the effect of Maxwell's leadership after he became old and whimsical in his notions. The force lost ground rapidly. We who take pride in having it the model police body of the world, realize that the same thing may happen again unless a more thorough disciplinarian is placed at its head. OFFICER M. P.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. JOHN A. BUTLER, OF HARLEM.—A grand complimentary benefit was tendered to Mr. John A. Butler by his many friends on Tuesday last, 20th inst., at the Harlem Music Hall, New York. The house was crowded to overflowing, which must have been very gratifying to Mr. A. Butler and his host of admirers. Mr. James O'Kane was the treasurer and worked hard to make the entertainment a success.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Of Kissing One of His Female Parishioners,
a Hoboken Methodist Dominie
Makes the

BEST TIME ON RECORD.

And Then Very Boldly Returns to Re-
sist the Intrusion of the Man
Who Had

THE BEST RIGHT TO THE KISSES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Rev. Dr. Tunison, presiding elder of the Newark M. E. Conference, assigned the Rev. William M. Trumbrow, of Hackensack, N. J., in April last, to the pastorate of the Porter M. E. Church, in West Hoboken. The church is small and unpretentious, and is situated in Railroad avenue. The Rev. Mr. Trumbrow is twenty-four years old, smooth faced, handsome and unmarried. He is not a regularly ordained minister. When he was assigned to that church he was fresh from the Syracuse University, full of original ideas. He reorganized the Sabbath school, and increased the congregation by his eloquence until the church was thronged every Sunday evening.

In December last the young minister became the subject of gossip, which he pronounced false. He boarded at the house of Mr. Boh, whose wife, an attractive brunette, is teacher of the Bible class in the Porter M. E. Church. Mr. Boh, a master cooper, employed in Weehawken, was seldom seen within the church. On the Sunday evening before Christmas the Rev. Mr. Trumbrow, after formally opening the services, made a bitter personal attack on two ladies, whose names he refrained from mentioning. He said that he had been outrageously

SLANDERED BY THE TWO WOMEN.

mother and daughter, and he asked the indulgence of the congregation in order that he might vindicate his character. He said that women were peace disturbers. The congregation knew that the minister referred in his attack to Mrs. Du Bois and her daughter Maggie, a petite, vivacious and handsome brunette, and the town was thrown into great excitement. The trustees of the church called the pastor to account, and there was serious talk of getting rid of him. In explanation of his conduct, the minister said that he referred to the Du Bois family, and that the mother and daughter sought to injure his reputation by telling falsehoods. He defied them and everybody else to say anything against him. Furthermore, he said that the Du Bois family were angry because he would not marry the daughter and because he refused to board at their house. Mr. Du Bois pronounced the minister an impudent rascal, and he has a charge of malicious slander pending against him. Miss Du Bois emphatically denied the accusation of the pastor, and declared that she never thought of his marrying her. The Board of Trustees met at Denison Westervelt's house, and the pastor was called upon to explain his conduct, which, they said, was injuring the church. The Rev. Mr. Trumbrow expressed his sorrow for what had occurred, and made profuse apologies; but he said that the course he took was the only way open to him by which he could crush out

THE INFAMOUS SCANDAL.

The trustees thought that it was best for the church and all parties concerned to abandon any proceedings against the pastor, and it was so ordered. Notwithstanding the publicity given the matter, the preacher continued to escort Mrs. Boh, his landlady and the teacher of the Bible class, to and from her home, and this did not escape the notice of the church members. Mrs. Boh took an active part in defending the pastor in all his troubles. Her home is in a handsome house in Franklin street, Union Hill, about three blocks from the church.

On the evening of the 17th inst. Mr. Boh, who is said to have intercepted a note from the preacher to his wife, in which something was written about an elopement, told his wife that he was going to market, and quitted the house. He re-entered through the yard, took off his shoes and stealthily went to the door of his wife's room. He heard her in conversation with the pastor, he says, and improper remarks passed between them. While the husband was lying on the hallway floor looking through a crack, his pet dog came to the door and began barking. Just as the minister, who had noticed the uneasiness of the dog, opened the door, the irate husband rushed in. The minister ran down stairs, followed by Mrs. Boh and her husband. Mr. Boh failed to overtake the preacher, but he ordered him never to return. Mrs. Boh, it is said, attempted to follow the minister, but her husband seized her. She shouted murder, and the minister returned with a revolver in his hand and said, "Stand back, man, or

"I WILL SHOOT YOU."

He had the muzzle pointed at Mr. Boh's head. The husband rushed back into the house. The minister, coatless and hatless, went to the house of D. P. Westervelt, one of the church trustees, a trustee of the Hackensack plank road, closely followed by Mrs. Boh. The church choir were rehearsing there, and when the preacher entered they were amazed. He said that a man had threatened to take his life, and finally admitted that it was the husband of his landlady. Mrs. Boh claimed the protection of the Westervelts, saying that she feared her husband would kill her.

At about 11 o'clock the same night the minister, in company with Theodore Buttonbaum, a trustee of the church, and Policeman Feeney, went to Mr. Boh's house, but found it closed. After some parley the occupant of the lower part of the house opened it, and the minister went to his room and got his hat and coat. He also took a bundle of letters from a shelf. He then went to the house of Mr. Buttonbaum, who promised to protect him during the night.

At 12 o'clock Mr. Boh aroused Charles Schneuriger, justice of the peace, and demanded a warrant for the arrest of the Rev. Mr. Trumbrow, on a charge of attempting to abduct his wife. Then he said, excitedly, "No, let that go for the present; I want a warrant for assault and battery and attempt to kill." A warrant was issued and given to Constable Charles Wass, who, at 1 o'clock yesterday morning, went to Mr. Buttonbaum's house in Jefferson place, and demanded admittance. He entered the bedroom occupied by the minister, compelled him to dress and marched him through the streets to the jail—a rude one-story structure, with a fire-bell tower. The Rev. Mr. Trumbrow was placed in a cell and kept there ALL NIGHT UNDER GUARD.

Mrs. Buttonbaum said: "I am glad the minister is out of my house. Why, I thought he would commit suicide, and I knew he had a pistol."

A small seven-chambered revolver was found in the bed. Mrs. Boh remained at the house of trustee Westervelt. At 10 o'clock Sunday morning, 18th inst., the Porter M. E. Church was closed, and it was announced to those who came that no service would be held. Many of the congregation went to the jail and gazed on their pastor through the iron bars.

The Rev. Mr. Trumbrow was afterward arraigned before Justice Schneuriger, who, in default of \$500 bail, made out a commitment. The minister was taken through the streets back to jail, followed by a throng of persons, when trustee Westervelt agreed to become security for his appearance at an examination to be held to-day. Mr. Westervelt took the Rev. Mr. Trumbrow to his house, and placed him in charge of Constable Ludlow.

Mrs. Boh refused to leave Mr. Westervelt's house, saying that she feared violence at the hands of her husband. Mr. Boh said that at the examination he would tell his story. He said, however, that since the preacher began boarding at his house he was constantly creating trouble, and that he mixed himself up in family affairs. The preacher, he said, owed him \$100 for twenty weeks board, and he intends to keep his effects until the money is paid. Mr. and Mrs. Boh have been married eight years, and Mr. Boh says that they lived happily till the Rev. Mr. Trumbrow went to board with them.

A BORDER HEROINE.

Defending Her Lover Against the Murderous Assaults of Her Brother, She Proves Herself a Genuine Spartan.

[Subject of Illustration.]

DENISON, Tex., Jan. 12.—William Duke, a cattle man, who arrived in the city Wednesday from the "far West," reports a thrilling tragedy that took place New Year's evening on the forks of the Wichita.

Several months ago a young man named Harris, from Iowa, commenced paying attentions to the daughter of a farmer named Templeton, who lives about twenty miles west of Henrietta. Harris was employed on a cattle ranch belonging to a party of English gentlemen, who passed through Denison about three years ago and made their headquarters at the Planters' House.

The young man was distasteful to the son of Templeton, it is said, on account of his northern birth, and he frequently threatened to

KILL HARRIS

if he persisted in calling on his sister. Harris was a young man of good character and connections, and the old folks rather encouraged his visits. The distance from the ranch to Templeton's was thirteen miles. Every Saturday afternoon Harris would mount his horse and ride over, spending the Sabbath. Adah Templeton was nineteen years of age, and had spent nine years of her life in the north attending school.

Young Templeton showed so much aversion to the calls of Harris that the young man discontinued his visits. This incensed the young lady against her brother, and she wrote to Harris to call and spend the new year, and that she would give him

HER HAND AND HEART.

Harris, having a foreboding of trouble, carried with him a Spencer carbine. On arriving at Templeton's he announced his intention of marrying Miss Adah that day, the ceremony to be performed at Henrietta. After dinner Harris and his betrothed, receiving the benediction of the old folks, started on horseback for Henrietta. After they left, young Templeton mounted his horse and started in the same direction, carrying with him a rifle.

On the banks of the Wichita, just as Harris and his betrothed were about to cross, they saw Templeton riding toward them over the prairie. They forded the stream, reaching the opposite bank. Harris, suspecting that Templeton meant mischief, dismounted and

AWAITED HIS COMING.

Templeton forded the stream about thirty yards below where Harris crossed. He shouted to his sister to get out of the way, that he was going to kill Harris. The girl shouted back, "Then you must kill me," and stepped in front of Harris, who was getting ready his carbine for war. Harris fired the first shot, killing Templeton's horse. Templeton returned the fire, shooting Harris through the neck. The young man fell to the ground and died immediately.

The young lady was conveyed home by her brother, who has since disappeared and is supposed to have gone to Mexico. It is said that the young lady, since the death of her lover, is gradually pining away, and it is presumed, ere this, she has gone to join him in the great unknown.

CENTRALIA, Ill., Jan. 19.—A ripple of a sensation has pervaded this place to-day, caused by the chastising with a rawhide of John Roper by Mrs. Mortimore. She is a woman of the town, and upon several occasions has shown her claws both to her husband and Roper. This morning the girl met Roper, who is old enough to be her grandfather, and attempted to strike him with a rawhide. He warned her off, when she drew a revolver and fired it at his feet, and then sprang at him like a tigress. He was not seriously hurt.

"THE" ALLEN RAIDED.

Lively Skedaddling and Humorous Incidents—Victory One for the Gazette.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Captain Byrnes, of the Fifteenth precinct, recently called upon Justice Duffy, at the Jefferson Market Police Court, and had a long conversation with him, conducted in the privacy of the magisterial chamber. He left the court with a warrant, but for what purpose it was intended did not transpire till the evening of the 17th inst., at about half past 10 o'clock. At that hour gaiety ruled the fleeting moments at the Mabile, owned and presided over by Mr. Theodore Allen. It is an establishment which has had an existence of about a couple of years' duration, and which in its very inception caught a firm hold of festive youth about town and attracted crowds night after night. It is located in a roomy structure on Bleeker street, a few doors from the imposing Bleeker Street Bank. Of yore it was devoted to kindred purposes, and had a short lived notoriety as "Le Paris," and a shorter existence as an anonymous

PLACE OF AMUSEMENT.

One Hughes, whose time and capital have been frequently devoted to the establishment of such abodes of festivity, first turned the place into a saloon, but somehow the authorities took exception to his mode of conducting it, and Captain Byrnes, with a squad at his back, swooped down upon them one night and put an end to his administration. A man named Flynn, who subsequently gained notoriety in certain transactions, was the next to test the resources of the place. He had hardly revived the old regime when Byrnes appeared again, and once more the establishment became a waste place. It was a bare and quite unprepossessing structure when The Allen took it in hand. He had it frescoed, architecturally beautified, filled with drinking counters and the ordinary paraphernalia of the concert hall. Up stairs free and easy singers discoursed popular or unpopular melodies as suited their taste or fancy. Down stairs a limited orchestra furnished dancing music, to which the youths and maidens in attendance footed it flatly, and in all possible and impossible places on both floors waiters with abridged aprons and spacious trays prevailed. Then there were nights of special festivity announced as Bal Mabile occasions, on which there were gaudy orders of dancing and ampler inducements to saltatorial exercise. The evening above mentioned was one of these. Young men in ulsters of various shades ambled in at the orthodox hour; young women strolled in, too, some painted, bedizened creatures, but many girls whose years and appearance were not in consonance with the

REVELS OF THE NIGHT.

At 10 o'clock the place, down stairs and up, was thronged through its length and breadth. The clinking of glasses kept up a fitful accompaniment to the vocalization of the singers above, while below music "arose with its voluptuous swell," and dancers were rotating in the mazy. Suddenly the doors were forced open and a clatter of footsteps filled the place. Captain Byrnes was on hand again, and behind him, drawn up across the entire length of the building, was a double file of Fifteenth precinct men.

At once there arose a hubbub, in which women screamed and cried, young men uttered strong expressions and indulged in doleful witticisms, and an odious glance was cast in every direction for some means of egress. But the captain had taken his precautions carefully, and every exit was guarded. The Allen himself was behind the bar, and he was notified to close the place and regard himself under arrest. His attendants at the same time were told to prepare for a sojourn in the station house. Then the painful part of the proceedings began. The girls, several scores in number, were handed out and placed in the charge of the police to be taken off in relays to the station. Many of them braced it out and laughed and joked as they went along, but there were some, too, who would be missed through the night from houses where their whereabouts were never guessed. These seemed much affected, and there were not a few who passed into the streets and through the throngs of curious on-lookers, sobbing as though

THEIR HEARTS WOULD BREAK

By this time word of the raid had spread, and in that quarter Broadway was deserted, while a crowd was recruited from the streets of the district that skirted the line of march to the station house, and they covered curbstones and house-stoops. The jeers of the crowd mingled with the complaints of the prisoners, and for a couple of hours the neighborhood was kept fairly agog with excitement. The males went off by the dozen, every pair linked with a policeman, and the whole of them aggregating several hundreds in number. There was hardly a rough in the crowd. It was the young man released from his place in the counting house or store counter that was best represented, and Solomon in all his glory would cut an humble figure alongside most of that aggrieved multitude. For most of them had grievances. One young man, with a white necktie, was going to a ball and had just dropped in to get his boots shined, when the law nicked him; another had gone in to be directed to a hotel, and there were a host who had only peeped in to see what the hubbub was all about. Unhappily for them no plea was entertained, and the godly and naughty alike went off in pairs under police watch and ward. The resources of the Mercer street station house were tested to supply the gathering accommodations, but by a strict economy of space most of them were tucked away. Their registration on the blotter caused another scene, the uninitiated being at a loss how to conceal their identity and the mendacious being quite ready with pseudonyms for the emergency. If there was one thing more marked than another about the list it was the array of distinguished names it bore. Samuel J. Tilden was many times multiplied among the visitors, and of Charles McLeans there was quite an abundance. Besides, Rutherford Hayes was there and Roscoe Conkling, and one small irritable young man with a lacerated collar declared himself to be "Denis Kearney himself and no

mistake." All these distinguished individuals, and a host who were nominally and physically quite ordinary, shared common cells and passed the night bewailing their hard luck.

THREE STRANGE PASSENGERS.

A Trio of Cannibals Are Brought to San Francisco on a French Man-of-War. Their Revolting Habits Graphically Described.

The French gun-boat Lamothe Piquet, now at San Francisco, has on board three men who, from their peculiar facial appearance, attract the attention of all observers. They are finely formed, of large stature, with regular features and full, soft, expressive eyes, but their faces are, according to civilized taste, disfigured by tattooing. They are natives of the Marquesas Islands, and but a short time ago were veritable cannibals. The eldest is called Mánawa; the next in age Hoa, and the younger Puato, which signifies in the Marquesan tongue son of a man who was killed by three shots.

Captain Bienaimé, the commandant of the vessel, has given some interesting particulars of the Marquesas, and the causes which led to the presence on board of the natives just referred to. In July last information was received at Tahiti, where the Lamothe Piquet was then, that a Swede had been killed on the Island of La Dominica, one of the Marquesas group, by the natives. The vessel immediately got under way, and on the 10th of August came in sight of the island. On the morning of the 11th a landing was effected, and the French force took up a position in the Valley of Hanalapa, where they were soon after attacked by a large body of natives. The natives were armed with muskets, and fought desperately, but after a while retreated, leaving several of their number

DEAD UPON THE FIELD.

They were pursued, and among those captured were the three men now on board the Lamothe Piquet.

We saw remains of one of their horrible banquets of human flesh in the Valley of Hanalapa. I think the custom was falling into disuse a half a century ago, but during the past twenty-five or thirty years the frequent visits of whalers and traders upon the islands has had a demoralizing effect upon the natives. The women have been debauched and the men let into the secret of distilling a kind of rum from the cocoa tree. When intoxicated they commit the most revolting barbarities, and become embroiled in conflicts between themselves. While in this condition they become worse than beasts. The hereditary man-eating instinct appears to be revived and breaks out stronger than ever. Any of their number who are killed in these drunken broils are sure to be eaten. They also eat the bodies of their enemies killed in battle, and if a man has a deadly spite against another he does not feel that his revenge has been satisfied until he has eaten a piece of his heart stewed in its own blood. Infractions of any of the social laws are punishable with death, and the body of the culprit, after having been cut into sections, is distributed in the market-place, that all may eat and beware of the terrible punishment that awaits the law-breaker. The worst punishment that can befall a man in the Marquesas is to be killed and eaten by his fellow-islanders. Santa Dominica is situated in latitude 9 degrees, 39 minutes south, and longitude 133 degrees, 40 minutes east, and together with the other islands of the Marquesas Group, have nominally been under French dominion since 1841. The natives are brave, and when they have reason to believe their rights are being tampered with are very vindictive. A number of sailors and officers of whaling and merchant ships have been

KILLED BY THEM

at different times since the islands were discovered. A year ago a convoy of provisions, while en route between two settlements of the French Colony, on the island of New Caledonia, was captured; and the men who were accompanying it, twelve in number, were taken prisoners.

The Lamothe Piquet, being in the neighborhood, was dispatched along the coast to obtain tidings of them. They effected a landing at the point where the train had been captured, and surprised the savages while about to feast upon the bodies of the captured Frenchmen. The would-be banqueters fled at their approach, but were pursued and fifteen of them killed. The scene upon the beach, Captain Bienaimé says, where they landed, was sickening in the extreme. Several large blocks, similar to those used by butchers, were standing a short distance from the shore. These were reeking with blood, and near them were massed the trunks of their countrymen, denuded of their heads and limbs, and their bowels torn open to get at their heart, which is esteemed a delicacy. Piled up near by were the skulls and bones of the arms and legs, scraped clean of the flesh. The flesh from the limbs was cut into steaks or roasts, and broiling and sizzling over the coals of huge fires kindled for the purpose, sending forth a smell that was fairly sickening. The flesh of the head, together with the brains, they had placed in a large kettle taken from the stove in the train, which was boiling over the fire. The provisions, wines, etc., were scattered about in the greatest confusion. One of the men who accompanied the French crew recognized among the bodies, by portions of the clothing still left upon them, those of two of his sons. The father fainted at the sight, and such was the impression made upon his mind that he had never fully recovered from the shock.

ONE DAY FOR IRELAND.—Mr. Wm. H. Reagan, the well-known and popular saloon-keeper of 5 Beekman street, New York city, has with his usual generosity handed over to Mayor Cooper the entire receipts of his bar for last Wednesday, the 21st inst., for the relief of the destitute poor of Ireland. Mr. Reagan has set a good example and we hope to see it followed by all the principal saloon-keepers of New York and other cities.



GIDEON M. BERRY, DEFAULTER TO THE TUNE OF \$20,000 FROM SHERIFF NUNAN OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

door. The left side of the face and the forehead near the bullet wound were filled with powder, showing the close proximity of the revolver to the temple at the moment the shot was fired. Miller was unconscious, but life was not extinct. All efforts to revive him and obtain a statement were fruitless, and in about two hours he died. No motive for the murder is conceived, as Miller was of a peaceable disposition and had no enemies.

The theory of the police is that the murder might have been committed by parties who had been out all night, and unable to find a drink anywhere along Archer avenue at that time in the morning, had been attracted by the light in Miller's saloon shining out through the windows. Arriving there, they were aroused by having the door shut in their faces, and had taken an instantaneous and bloody revenge. The number of vessels lying in the slips near by, and the lumber yards in the vicinity offer a great many facilities of escape, and it is hardly probable that the assassin will be brought to justice, because it is questionable whether he could be identified, even if once placed in the hands of the police. The only chance of arrest and conviction would seem to be in the confession of his companion.

The Tail-End of a Dilemma.

[Subject of Illustration.]

SPRINGFIELD, Oregon, Jan. 12.—At 2 o'clock last Friday morning two families, in all five persons—J. Polander, wife and child nine months old, and William Collins and wife, living on C. S. Parson's farm on the coast fork, two miles above Springfield, in Land county, were awakened by the sound of water about the house. Rising quickly and hitching a span of horses to a wagon, they started to make their escape to a higher ground, nearly a quarter of a mile distant. The water rising so rapidly, and having a slough to cross, they found escape impossible, and in endeavoring to turn the team homeward the horses became entangled, drowning one. Cutting the other loose, Mr. Collins and his wife clung to the swimming horse's tail and succeeded in reaching the two-story house they had left in safety. The three left in the wagon remained until by some means the bed upset and floated away, when the only chance for life was to cling to the bushes, Mrs. Polander holding her child in one arm and holding on to her husband with the other. At last their screams for help awakened the neighbors, who were a quarter of a mile distant. For



JAMES ROANY; KILLED THOMAS FOLEY AT PLYMOUTH, PA., BY A BLOW OF THE FIST.



THE TAIL-END OF A DILEMMA—A FARMER AND HIS WIFE GET OVER THEIR HEAD DURING A RECENT FRESHET IN OREGON, AND SWIM OUT BY CLINGING TO A HORSE'S TAIL.



A LIVELY EXIT—A WESTERN DON JUAN SURPRISED IN A VERY UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT, TAKES FLIGHT, MINUS HIS CLOTHES, TO ESCAPE THE VENGEANCE OF THE LADY OF THE HOUSE; PORTSMOUTH, O.

Naughty Mrs. Morris.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Jan. 12.—The court of Justice Brawley developed an exceedingly spicy case this morning. William N. Morris was the prime mover in the matter. He is a citizen whose domicile is in the neighborhood of the raging Wabash and Erie Canal, that skirts along the western boundary line of our delectable city. Mr. Morris has a family—a wife and two small boys. Yesterday morning, he says, he came home unexpectedly, and entered his house by the rear door. The scene before him was most shocking and terrible. There, in the front room, stood his spouse with her arms around the neck of one Alfred Plunket, a neighbor. Grasping an umbrella, the most available weapon, he pounced upon Plunket, but was knocked down. Plunket seized him, and, after mopping the floor with him, departed. Morris sought the law for satisfaction, and had Plunket arrested for assault and battery, and that worthy was fined and costed. Plunket then filed two affidavits against Morris, one for assault and the other for surety of the peace. Morris was discharged on the first, but the other remains to be investigated. The family relations of the alleged much-abused man are in chaos.

Shot Dead in His Own Doorway.

CHICAGO, Jan. 16.—At a little before five o'clock this morning Mr. Jacob Miller, the proprietor of a saloon and boarding-house, No. 543 Archer avenue, awoke, dressed himself and proceeded to open the establishment for the day. Calling the servant, Meena Fransil, he went into the saloon, which is connected with the hallway by a side door, and lighted the gas. The place, like nearly all beer saloons, has a long counter extending along one side of the room, and two pool-tables in the rear part. The main door opens out on Archer avenue, a side door connecting with Mary street, the whole having a glass front.

Mr. Miller had lighted the gas over the counter, and the girl was engaged in the kitchen, when both heard several knocks at the front door. The saloon-keeper proceeded thither, and opened it cautiously to the extent of a foot or more. Looking from a point in the kitchen directly in front of the stove the girl saw that Miller had one foot against the door, and was pressing against it with his body as he extended his neck and looked out. She heard him make an exclamation which she could not distinguish, and in the same instant saw a flash and heard the report of a revolver as Mr. Miller fell heavily to the floor. The gas-jet burning over the counter enabled her to distinguish the body and face of a young man standing in the door, and behind him was another, but so far in the dark that she could not see his face or figure distinctly. At the same moment that Miller fell they turned and ran.

The frightened girl ran upstairs and alarmed several of the boarders, who found Miller lying where he fell, a bullet-hole in the temple from which the blood was trickling out upon the sawdust near the



NAUGHTY MRS. MORRIS—SHE INDULGES IN A LITTLE KISSING ENTERTAINMENT DURING HER HUSBAND'S ABSENCE, AND IS SURPRISED THEREIN BY THE IRATE AND INJURED MAN—MR. MORRIS GETS A WALLOPING, THEREBY ADDING INJURY TO INSULT; LAFAYETTE, IND.

four weary hours longer their lives were in danger, until a skiff was procured and rescued the almost drowned sufferers, as the water had risen eight feet. Had the families remained at home all would have been safe, as the water rose only three feet in the lower story.

A Lively Exit.

[Subject of Illustration.]

PORTSMOUTH, O., Jan. 17.—A racy incident was developed in this town during the last week. The scene was the residence of Mr. Walcott and family, the parties to the affair the female domestic and one of the young bloods about town. Mrs. Walcott had occasion to go to the room occupied by the servant to find a missing chess-board. Rapping at the door, no response was made, but a hurried moving about attracted her attention and aroused her suspicions that something was in the wind. After a few moments the door was opened, and the good lady, intent on getting her chess-board, walked straight to where the closet door was, and this she opened. Standing in that closet, with his back against the wall, and peering right into the face of this lady, was a strange man, with nothing in the world on but his drawers and undershirt.

When Mrs. Walcott got eyes on him, she didn't run nor scream like an old maid who has been looking under her bed every night for twenty years to see if there is a man there, and finally finds one, but she coolly informed our young man she was going to kill him—going to shoot him dead with a revolver she had down stairs, and deliberately asked him to remain where he was until she could go and get it and kill him. Did that young man stay? No, he didn't. He fairly whizzed past the lady, down the stairs, out into the street, and down the alley, barefooted, bareheaded, shirtless, breechless, hatless and shoeless.

Unfortunately, perhaps, for the young man, he left in the pockets of his coat, documentary evidence of his personal identity, and of course the good woman took an inventory of stock. Names are for the present omitted, but gossip has singled out a certain party who very discreetly keeps away from the Walcott residence and neighborhood.

Butchered Himself.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Jan. 16.—This morning John Schelly, a well-known German, and resident of this place for more than twenty-five years, got up at the usual hour and went out to do his accustomed chores. Not returning when breakfast was ready, his wife went out to the barn, and was horrified to find his body lying on a pile of hay and covered with blood. An investigation showed that he had taken a large butcher knife out with him, and reclining on a pile of hay buried it in his left side between the fifth and sixth ribs. The blow was aimed in an upward direction, and probably reached the heart, causing almost instant death. The knife made a horrible looking wound.

Pill-Peddler Moore's Amours.

SHREVEPORT, Ind., Jan. 12.—The little village of Geneva, about twelve miles south of here, and the neighborhood around it are intensely agitated over a social scandal of recent occurrence. Of course there is a woman in the case as the principal figure, while a prominent young physician directly, and other parties indirectly, are also involved. The situation and particulars are unfolded as follows:

Miss Sarah Jane Hendrickson is the name of the chief actress, and she resides a short distance from the town of Geneva. She is the daughter of a widow. Miss Sarah Jane has reached that period of life which is supposed to bring discretion, but the sequel will show that she has not been quite so discreet as she might have been. In other words, though twenty-eight years of age, and amply old enough to know better, this hapless maiden has gotten herself into trouble, and thereby has also brought much worry unto others. A few weeks ago it became evident to the relatives and friends of Miss Hendrickson that she was in a delicate condition and must shortly become a mother, without the protective shield of a marriage ceremony. Something had to be done, and done quickly, if the lady was to be saved that greatest calamity to woman—ante-nuptial childbirth. The situation caused considerable alarm to a number of gentlemen who had been beaux or intimate friends of Miss Hendrickson; not that it was thought there was anything criminal between them, but because the urgent necessity for a responsible parent naturally created uneasiness. None of them could tell exactly where lightning would strike, and there was much fidgeting until the blow finally fell to-day.

Among Miss Hendrickson's male acquaintances is Dr. Eliza Moore. He is a young physician about twenty-eight years old, son of Mr. Simeon Moore, a wealthy farmer near Geneva, and enjoys a good practice, besides high social standing. Him Miss Hendrickson selected as the cause of her ruin, and the individual she desired to stand sponsor for her unborn offspring. The information was conveyed to him through the medium of a summons to appear before Squire William Diewert and answer Miss Hendrickson's suit for bastardy. The news was not only very astonishing and mortifying to the gay and proud young doctor, but it created excitement in the neighborhood, much more, indeed, than is usual even in similar cases. But the doctor was forced to go into the august presence of Squire Diewert, and, after due deliberation, that official required the gay and festive physician to enter into bonds in the penalty of \$400 to appear at a future day in the circuit court

of this city, to answer Miss Hendrickson's complaint. By fixing the bond at such an unusually large figure, the Squire seems to have been impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

Rumors are flying thick and fast that the trial will lead to some very interesting and startling developments, rivaling in variety and "juiciness" the famous Haymond-Saucer case, which has occupied so much time of the circuit court here. One feature of the case which adds much to its interest is the fact that Dr. Moore is a married man, and, being extensively and influentially connected, curiosity is naturally mani-

fested to know what the result will be. The final trial will most probably not take place until the spring term of court.

Berry's Matrimonial Mischance.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Jan. 14.—At an early hour this morning a sensational rumor was afloat on the streets that Mr. Hiram Berry, of the firm of W. A. Gaines & Co., the largest whisky manufacturers in the west, was a newly-married man, but there were few who would give it credence. The news mongers carried it

from one to another, and to-night there is scarcely a man, woman or child in the city who is not discussing it. In society circles it fell like an earthquake, and they are all torn up about it. Your correspondent called on his most intimate friends this evening, and learned that there were substantial grounds for the rumor, and, according to their statements, Mr. Berry has been made the victim of one of the most villainous plots ever served. He left this city a few days ago for Louisville, and, it is charged, fell in with a lot of scoundrels, who got him intoxicated, and while insane from the influence of liquor, he was induced to marry a woman who is said to be of frail character. The marriage took place before a magistrate, and not until to-day did Mr. Berry realize the terrible position in society in which he is placed. He is an old resident of this city, and lives in an elegant mansion. He is said to be very wealthy, and the father of a family of high social standing. He buried a beloved wife only a few months ago, and there is now again a feeling of deep sorrow in his household. His daughters are well-known in central Kentucky for their beauty and many rare accomplishments. His friends say that the parties who conceived the plot knew of his wealth, and being anxious to extort money from him, they took the opportunity while he was intoxicated to carry it out. No one who knows Mr. Berry would believe that if he had been in his right mind this sad misfortune would have befallen him. He arrived in the city last night, but the woman is still in Louisville. Her name was Mollie Hill, alias Annie Greer, and she is said to be the keeper of a house of ill-fame on Madison street, in that city. The affair has caused the greatest sensation ever known in Frankfort society. The correspondent is authorized by Mr. Berry's attorneys to state that they will at once take measures to undo this great wrong.

Handy With a Knife.

CHICAGO, Jan. 15.—Early this morning Lafayette Carson, a brakeman on the O. and M. R. R., whose home is at Olney, Ill., had

a fearful fight at Ryan's saloon, on Fifth street, west of Central avenue. In the fight he pulled a knife, and before he was overpowered out and badly wounded four persons, inflicting twelve ugly wounds. He had been drinking, and was just drunk enough to be desperate. The fight grew out of a game of dice, which he was throwing with Mrs. Ryan. He attacked her first, cutting her in the arm and neck, when the private watchman and two employes tried to capture him. After haggling of them up he was finally felled to the floor and three knife wounds inflicted on the head. He is held for cutting with intent to kill.



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—M'LE MARCUS, BURLESQUE AND VARIETY ARTISTE, THEATRE GAITE, PARIS.—SEE PAGE 2.



REDSKIN FESTIVITIES—A CELEBRATION BY THE INDIANS OF MONTANA TERRITORY OF THEIR ANNUAL FESTIVAL, "THE SUN DANCE"—THRILLING CEREMONIES AND SAVAGE METHODS OF ENJOYMENT.—SEE PAGE 13.

MURDER MOST FOUL.

A Wayward Girl is Found Dead in a Prince Street Bagnio, Besmeared With Blood.

MYSTERIOUS VISITORS.

The Frightful Spectacle of Debauchery That Presented Itself to the Officers of the Law.

NO CLUE TO THE MURDERER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A death attended by many mysteries occurred at 111 Prince street, in this city, some time in the course of Friday night. The house is a disreputable one. Among its inmates was a young woman who was known as Annie Martin. Her name is said to have been Annie Downey. She was found dead on her bed Saturday morning under circumstances that leave it yet undetermined whether she committed suicide or was murdered. She was seen alive shortly after the previous midnight, when she left word with Blanche Schmidt, the keeper of the place, that she expected a visitor. No man was seen about the place during the night. The girl retired to her room—the front room in the second story—at about 12½ o'clock, and the inmates of the house say that they heard no outcry nor any other noise in the night.

The persons known to have been in the house are Blanche Schmidt, an invalid, and her husband, August Schmidt, who slept in the back room in the first story, and the cook, Rosa Schneider, who slept in the basement. The dead woman's custom was to have her hair dressed at about 10 A. M., and at that hour on Saturday, 17th inst., Bertha Levy, a hair dresser, went to the house to perform her accustomed service. She found the door locked. After vain efforts to get the door open, word was sent to the Prince street police station that there was some mystery about the closed doors, and Policeman Sweeney was sent to see what it was. Upon arriving at the house and consulting with Schmidt, it was decided to force a door at the rear of the room, against which the girl's bed stood. On forcing the door they found the dead body of the girl lying diagonally on the bed, nearly nude, with two gashes

and a blood-stained pillow-case tied tightly around the neck. The right arm was extended. The left forearm was bent toward the body, and the hands were partly closed. The end of the pillow-case nearest the left hand was torn. The pillow from which the case had been taken was smeared with blood, and it lay at the foot of the bed. The bed clothing was bloody. Death had occurred some hours previously, as rigor mortis had set in. The washstand had on it a basin partly filled with water, discolored by blood, and a towel with blood on it.

Captain McDonnell was summoned. He ordered that nothing be disturbed until the arrival of the coroner, who was immediately sent for, and who arrived shortly after noon. Then a thorough examination of the premises was made, a jury was called and the preliminaries to the inquest were begun. At first sight it appeared that the girl had committed suicide. No possible motive for murdering her could be conjectured. She was not known to have an enemy or to have had any immediate quarrel with any one. The motive could not have been robbery, for she had on, when she was found, a diamond ring, said to be worth \$110, a gold ring and earrings. Blanche Schmidt claimed the diamond ring, and said she had loaned it to the girl. Opposed to the theory of suicide was the fact that the key to the door leading to the hall was not found, and it was not certain whether she had locked herself in or had been locked in by another person. It was not certain whether she died of strangulation or of the wounds in her head. Deputy Coroner Donlin said that it would be impossible to determine this with certainty until after a careful post-mortem examination, which has not yet been made. The strictest search did not disclose any plausible solution of the

MYSTERY OF THE WOUNDS.

No instrument was found with which they might have been inflicted, and no part of the furniture showed any indication that she could have received the gashes by falling against any sharp corners. The bed bore indications that a struggle had taken place, or that there had been fierce contortions in the agonies of death. The wounds were deep, and they seemed to have been made by strong blows, and repeatedly; yet Deputy Donlin said that from a superficial examination he could not say positively that they were the cause of death. After impelling the jury, Coroner Knox closely questioned Schmidt and the cook and Sarah Thompson, a colored woman who works in the house during the day. No information tending to throw light on the mystery was elicited from them. Their story was that when last seen the girl was in apparently good spirits, and that she bade them good night cheerfully; that she was not despondent nor intemperate, and that they knew no reason for either suicide or murder. The only missing article that they knew the girl to have had was a watch and chain valued at about \$10.

The dead girl was about twenty-one years old. She was of Irish parentage, but had lived most of her life in this city. She was formerly a flower girl, and was well known in barrooms and theatre lobbies, on account of her short, curly dark hair, and she was nicknamed "Curly Tommy." She has a sister, who is a milliner, and also a married brother. Her parents are both dead. Her father lost his life by falling out of a window. She

BEGAN HER LIFE OF SHAME in a house at No. 153 Greene street, and she has been

an inmate of different houses for six or seven years. She has been arrested several times for street walking. She was committed to Blackwell's Island on July 6, 1878, for sixty days by Justice Smith, but was released on the promise that she would go home and abandon the life she was living. She soon returned to her old ways. She was a comely girl, of medium stature. Some of her companions say that she often acted strangely, and was fond of being alone; that she was often heard to say that she would commit suicide, and that there was a story of her having been poisoned with hair-dye. There is a story to the effect that about New Year's, while she was an inmate of a house in Twenty-seventh street, she quarrelled with a man and quitted the house. She had been in the Prince street house only a week, but she had formerly lived there for nine months. Many of the girl's associates, who flocked to see the body, scouted the idea that she took her own life. They said that she was too fond of dress and enjoyment to have committed suicide.

Detective Robinson, of the Fifth street police, learned that a watch answering to the description of the one carried by the dead girl was offered on the morning of the 17th inst. in a pawn shop at No. 355 Bowery by a young man, whose description was secured. The watch was not taken, as the man wanted more than the pawnbroker would offer. The time-piece was a small double-case watch, and the neck-chain on it was brass and similar to

THE ONE MISSING.

Up to the hour of publication the mystery surrounding her tragic death seems as unpenetrable as at first. It was ascertained that on Friday, the 16th inst., she was visited by two or three men in the afternoon, and by one or two more in the evening. One of the men who called in the evening was heard talking loudly and angrily with Annie in the hall. Mrs. Schmidt, who was in the back parlor, went to the hall door to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. She heard the man say to Annie: "Have you got a pistol?" or, "Are there any pistols in the house?" Annie replied that she had a pistol. Mrs. Schmidt inquired of the man why he acted so rudely, and he did not reply, but Annie said: "Oh! he is all right; he doesn't mean anything." After the angry words in the hall he stayed half an hour, after which he took his departure. When he had left Annie sat in the parlor until 11:30 o'clock. Before she retired for the night she gave Mrs. Schmidt some money, and told her that she got it from her friend, who was coming to stay that night. That was the last that Mrs. Schmidt saw of Annie.

Suspicion points to this man as the probable murderer. The theory is that after the above-mentioned quarrel affairs were amicably arranged, and that he returned again in the evening and renewed the fatal quarrel. The inmates of the house describe him as a man of medium size, who wore a stiff, low-crowned black felt hat, and had dark clothing; judged from his accent he was an Irishman, and about forty years old.

The efforts of the police will be directed to the finding of this person. They are said to possess clues which will certainly lead to his capture.

Fatal Family Feud.

OWENTON, Ky., Jan. 17.—Owen county was the scene of a serious tragedy to-day, the result of a family feud. Early this afternoon word was received here that D. G. Garvey had shot and fatally wounded his cousin, Frank Lewis. It was done at New Liberty, which is eight miles distant.

The families of Joe and Tom Garvey and Mrs. Daniel Lewis, who are brothers and sister, living on adjoining farms, about four miles from Sparta Station, have been at odds since early last fall, and several petty lawsuits have grown out of their difficulties, based nominally on the depredations of stock on their respective farms. Each side accuses the other of having provoked the original trouble, and which is to blame no one can tell; but, at all events, one of these little lawsuits, in favor of D. G. Garvey and against Mrs. Lewis, was tried to-day at New Liberty, and immediately after the case had been submitted to the jury and the interested parties and spectators, according to the usual rural custom, retired from the room and left the jury to deliberate, the bad feeling which had been brewing so long cropped out in a general fight between the Lewis boys, four in number, and J. T. Garvey and three of his sons. It is admitted that D. G. Garvey, one of the sons, came out with his hand on his pistol, and that Frank Lewis struck him the first blow, and that Garvey thereupon pulled his pistol and fired. Garvey claims that he was struck three or four times before he fired, and that, having his pistol ready, was in anticipation of an attack, while the Lewis crowd claim that Frank Lewis saw George's hand upon his pistol and struck to prevent the shooting of one of his brothers. After Frank was shot his brother William drew a pistol and attempted to shoot Garvey, and would undoubtedly have done so, but the weapon failed to revolve. No other weapon was drawn or seen but these two. None of the other parties were hurt.

The ball from Garvey's weapon took effect in Frank Lewis' right side, just below the arm, penetrating the lung, and must necessarily prove fatal. The attending physician, Dr. Lyman Martin, reports the wounded man as pulseless, and that ample stimulants failed to rally him, and unless a reaction sets in by midnight he will certainly die.

The local court acted promptly. The police judge (Curtis) of New Liberty arraigned all the parties and fined the fighters \$10 each for breach of the peace and also fined D. G. Garvey and William Lewis \$25 each and ten days in jail for carrying weapons. Garvey was also arraigned for shooting with intent to kill, and held at \$2,000 bail, and gave bonds, which will terminate the affair until the Criminal Court meets, unless Lewis should die.

Immediately after the shooting the Civil Court promptly returned a verdict for the defendant.

A HOODWINKED WIDOW.

A German Claude Melnotte Woos and Weds Her, and Then Skips Out With Her Cash—Marrying in Haste and Repenting at Leisure.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Jan. 15.—Fashionable social circles in this county are all agog over a scandalous affair of recent occurrence here, the chief actors in which are a handsome and wealthy young widow and a so-called German Count. The full particulars and all the details will be unfolded in the following narrative:

About two months ago an individual giving his name as John Henry Johnson made his appearance in this county. He claimed to be a painter by calling, but was only indulging in that humble avocation temporarily and by way of employment, being possessed of means elsewhere which placed him entirely beyond the necessity of manual labor. After doing a few odd jobs in different parts of the county, Mr. John Henry Johnson finally gravitated to Norristown, a village about twelve miles south of here. Arrived there, out of work for the time being, he sought temporary lodgment with a farmer until he could look around for something to do. This was about the 10th of last December.

It so happened that Norristown numbered among her citizens a handsome, wealthy and decidedly stylish young widow by the name of Mrs. Elizabeth Arnold. This lady was formerly the wife of Peter Arnold, a prominent and well-known merchant of Norristown, who died about two years ago. He left his widow with one child, a fine farm and other worldly goods to

MOLACE HER FOR HIS LOSS.

She belongs to a good family, always moved in the best circles of society, and enjoys an extensive acquaintance throughout the section where she resides. It is needless to say that Mrs. Arnold's youth, wealth and beauty brought many admirers to her feet and many suitors for her hand, but up to a very recent period she preserved loyalty to her first love and steadily refused all offers to again enter the blissful state of matrimony. How she eventually met her fate, and how she surrendered to Hymen after a very brief and romantic courtship, will appear in the sequel.

The man that Mr. John Henry Johnson took lodgings with, as mentioned above, was a tenant of Mrs. Arnold, and occupied a portion of the handsome dwelling in which the widow herself resided. As may be imagined, the newcomer was not there long before getting acquainted with the charming proprietress of the estate. It is also needless to say that, being an admirer of female beauty and on the lookout for an eligible situation, the amateur painter was instantly smitten with the charms of the fair Mrs. Arnold. In fact, he yearned with all the earnestness of his Teutonic nature to become lord and master of her beautiful person and still handsomer estate. In short, he immediately commenced to make love to her in the most impassioned way, and from the start met with encouragement. The widow seemed much pleased with her new admirer, and lent a willing ear to his ardent protestations of affection and his wonderful stories of the wealth and social distinction that awaited him in the land of his birth. It was a genuine case of love at first sight on the part of both—the lady seeming to be instantly impressed with the manly bearing and fine address of

HER ARDENT SUITOR.

John Henry J. told Mrs. Arnold that his father was a very wealthy man in Germany, owner of vast landed estates and other property; that he was one of three sons, and that when he arrived at age about ten years ago he had received a handsome sum of money as his inheritance. He wanted Mrs. Arnold to only consent to marry him, and assured her they would live in the finest style the rest of their lives, either here or in Europe, as she preferred. He had plenty of money for both, and desired no better use for it than to devote it to her happiness. In an evil hour Mrs. Arnold listened to the siren voice of Mr. Johnson, and consented to marry him. Accordingly they were wedded on the 31st of last December, just two weeks after they became acquainted, and after a courtship, the brevity and romantic features of which are seldom witnessed in real life.

It seems that matters moved along quite smoothly with the newly wedded pair for a few weeks after their marriage. Mr. Johnson assumed control of his wife's business, and commenced to manage things generally. He sold her hogs and appropriated to his own immediate uses \$150 of the funds. He likewise superintended the sale of the corn and some cattle that were ready for market, but exactly what disposition was made of the proceeds from these does not clearly appear. Mrs. Arnold made no objection to his handling her funds and controlling her business affairs, seeming to have absolute confidence in his integrity.

Last Monday morning Johnson came to this city with a buggy and horse belonging to his wife. He left these at the livery-stable of Mr. Ben Jones, stating that he was going to Indianapolis to attend the poultry show, and would be back in the afternoon. From the livery-stable Johnson proceeded to the First National Bank, where he offered a \$200 note, payable to his wife, for which

HE WANTED THE MONEY.

The cashier refused to discount it on the ground that it was the property of Mrs. Arnold, and the person presenting it seemed to have no authority to collect the same. Thereupon Johnson went to Mr. William Patterson, a prominent grain dealer in this city, with whom he was slightly acquainted, and made an effort to negotiate a loan upon the note he held. Mr. Patterson did not take the note, but loaned Johnson \$50 independently of it, without security and with his simple promise to refund it shortly. After this Johnson went to Indianapolis, and returned at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day (Monday). He went to the livery stable and directed his horse and buggy to be brought out, and, stating that he would come after

it in a short time to go home, walked away. From that hour to this no tidings have been received from Mr. John Henry Johnson.

The deserted wife came to the city to-day to make inquiry for her absent husband, but could receive no information of his whereabouts. She stated that he wrote her a postal card from Indianapolis on Monday last, informing her that he was detained there on business, but she has heard nothing from him since. She slightly expected him here on the 3 o'clock train this afternoon, but he did not arrive, and thereupon she returned home with the horse and buggy which he had left at the livery stable. She said, as the missing man had a considerable sum of money with him, she for a while thought he might have

BEEN FOULLY DEALT WITH.

but as he did not return to-day the lady went back home a sadder and wiser person, convinced that she has been basely deceived and deserted.

Johnson told parties here that he had \$3,000 worth of United States bonds, and tried to sell his wife's horse and buggy, stating that he intended to return to Europe. He also tried to induce his wife to sell out all her property here and go with him to Germany, where he promised her an introduction to royal society, great wealth and other grand things. All the elements about this occurrence—the sudden and strange marriage, the mysterious bearing and claims of the so-called Count, the wealth and high social standing of the lady in the case—conspire to make this a first class sensation, the full particulars of which will be read with much interest.

FIENDISH OUTRAGE.

The Horrible Sight That Greeted a Farmer on His Return Home.

BOSTON, Jan. 18.—A frightful outrage and murder were committed yesterday afternoon in the town of Groton, Mass., about twenty-five miles north of this city, the victim being Mrs. Maria L. Crew, wife of Joseph Crew. Mr. Crew, who is engaged in logging, returned to his home, which is on a farm, about 8 o'clock in the evening, and found his house closed and dark. He procured entrance by means of a hatchway into the cellar, and thence made his way to the kitchen. Here a most appalling sight was presented. The body of his wife was lying on the kitchen floor in a pool of her own blood. Tearing from her face the quilt with which the murderer had covered his victim, the horrified husband saw three bullet-holes in his wife's face and one in her chest.

But this was not all, for the arrival of the neighbors, whom Mr. Crew at once notified of his discovery, and the speedy coming of Medical Examiner Hartwell, of Ayer, developed the fact that the woman had been outraged

AND THEN MURDERED.

Intense excitement was at once aroused, and officers of the law were, within an hour or two, at work with the object of ferreting out the mystery. There is good reason to believe that the officers have a description of the fiend who committed this, the foulest crime that has stained the annals of the Commonwealth since 1875, when George H. Pemberton, who was subsequently hanged for his crime, failing to outrage Mrs. Margaret Gingham, of East Boston, murdered her in her own house.

This description is afforded by Miss Annie E. Carr, a young girl, who called about 3 o'clock at the house. The door was locked and the blinds down, but, thinking that she heard voices within, she knocked. The door was opened a few inches by a man about forty years old, five feet ten inches high, light, thin, yellowish face, probably a mulatto, dark side-whiskers, dressed fairly well in a dark overcoat, dark felt hat and buckle shoes, probably No. 9. Miss Carr had time to thus photograph the stranger on her mind in the moment during which they were

FACE TO FACE.

She asked for Mrs. Crew, and was told that she had gone up town. The man kept his hands behind him, closing the door with his foot. Miss Carr then went to a neighbor's, and told her that Mrs. Crew had gone up town and that a stranger was there, but neither of the women suspected that anything was wrong, and so the crime remained a secret until the return of her husband in the evening. Further light was thrown on the tragedy by the story told by several neighbors, who say that a man of the above description called at their houses during the middle of the day and made inquiries about buying a farm.

About 2:15, or three-quarters of an hour before Miss Carr called, Henry H. Ewin, a young man, called at the house of Mrs. Crew on an errand. She told him that she had a caller who wanted to buy her farm. The officers had not up to a late hour to-night succeeded in apprehending the murderer, and when they do catch him they will have a struggle to save him from a fearful death at the hands of the infuriated populace. The police of all this section of the state have been furnished with a description of the supposed murderer, and his apprehension

MUST SHORTLY OCCUR.

The victim was 28 years old, a native of Maine and a member of the Methodist church.

One reporter who has visited the scene of the tragedy entertains the horrible opinion that the outrage on the woman's person had been perpetrated after she had been killed, and argues from the fact that her clothing was torn, that the villain attempted rape, and, being foiled by his victim's bravery, deliberately killed her and then committed his diabolism. There is no evidence that a struggle took place, and the physicians say that the first shot probably caused death, inasmuch as it passed directly through the brain.

On a recent Sunday evening in Paris more than 100 workmen appeared in a body at the police office of the Palace of Justice, most of them leading by the hand wife and children, and stated that, having neither work, food nor shelter, they wished to be detained as vagabonds. The request was complied with; their destitution is attributed to the severity of the winter.

DAYTON'S TRAGEDY.

A Well-Known Police Officer Murdered
in Cold Blood by a Notorious
Rough.

NO CAUSE FOR THE ACT.

Save a Cowardly Spirit of Revenge
Toward Him for Performing
His Duty.

THE MURDERER PROMPTLY SECURED.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

DAYTON, O., Jan. 17.—This community was startled this morning by the announcement upon the streets that late last night a most terrible and cold-blooded murder had been perpetrated, and that one of the most vigilant and best known members of the police force had fallen a victim to the murderous bullet. The murdered man, Policeman Lee Lyman, was a powerful man and a brave officer, and for this reason had been during his connection with the force assigned to some of the most dangerous beats and duties in the city. Some years ago he was assigned to duty in the eastern portion of the city, the rendezvous of a gang of young roughs who styled themselves the "chain gang," and who became a terror to the law-abiding citizens of that community.

The murderer is John Francis, whose mother lives in the alley between Sixth and Franklin and Ludlow and Main streets. His mother and sisters are well thought of in society, and have more than once been grieved by the wayward son's and brother's actions. Francis is twenty-three years old, and was an associate of the

"CHAIN GANGS."

and has for a long time entertained an antipathy for Lyman, owing to that officer's prominence in the disbandment of the gangs. He has an unenviable workhouse record, having served several terms in that institution, and only a short time since was pardoned out. He is well known in the city as a desperate character, and can count his personal rencontres and bar-room fights by the score. When a bar he behaved himself and kept out of the station-house, but when in his cups was quarrelsome and disagreeable.

On Thursday, about midnight, Francis left a ball, which was given at Beckel Hall, and went to an adjoining saloon, and while there the murdered officer came in, when Francis turned to him and said: "Lee, what are you following me for?"

"I am attending to my duty, and you keep your mouth shut," was the response.

"Well, I have done nothing," said Francis, "and you are following me to provoke me and have me do something that you can arrest me for and send me to the work-house."

"Well, if I tell you to go, you'll go; you won't find me Dick Baker," responded the officer. (His mention of Roundsman Baker's name had reference to the time Francis was arrested by and resisted and cut that officer.)

"Well," said Francis, "if you had your coat and badge off we could

"SOON SETTLE THAT."

After some further talk the saloon was closed and the parties separated, Francis going back to the ball-room and the officer continued on his rounds.

Yesterday evening about 9 o'clock, as the officer was walking along Jefferson street, he overtook Francis and told him he wanted him on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. Francis went to the station peacefully, but on the way managed to throw, unobserved to the officer, his revolver into the yard of Mr. Clegg, on the corner of Fifth and Jefferson streets. Arriving at the station-house Lyman searched his prisoner, and finding nothing upon his person released him. After his release Francis returned to the yard and got his revolver, and took it to the Senate saloon, on Jefferson street, where he offered it in pawn for two glasses of beer, stating that Lyman was outside and he did not want him to catch him with the revolver on him. The proprietor, knowing that bad blood existed between the parties, prompted more by a desire to get the revolver away from Francis than to accommodate him, gave him the beer and took the revolver and laid it away. Francis then left the saloon, but soon after returned and asked for the revolver, saying that Lyman had left; and upon his stating that he was going home, the revolver was returned to him. The next trace we get of Francis is in the St. Charles saloon, on Jefferson street, near the Beckel House, between Second and Third streets. Here he met Mr. William Burns, with whom he offered to bet there was no such word as "fishes." Having no money, he

DREW HIS REVOLVER

out and offered it as a stake against \$4. The bet, however, was not made, and Francis left. It was now after 12 o'clock, and the streets were unusually quiet, it being a damp, disagreeable night. In about fifteen minutes from the time Francis left the St. Charles saloon, the report of a pistol-shot rang out upon the still night, and startled those whom he had left at the St. Charles. That shot was fired in the saloon of Crable & Kimmel.

The scene of the murder is situated on the north side of Third street, four doors east of Jefferson street. At the time of the murder there was in the saloon, besides the victim and the murderer, Mr. George Jackson and one of the proprietors, Mr. Mace Crable.

According to the statements of both Crable and Jackson, Lyman came into the saloon and walked up to the south end of the bar, where he stood talking to Crable in an undertone about two strange "crooks" that Crable had promised to "put him on." During the conversation Francis entered, and walked back to

where Jackson stood, between the bar and the stove. Jackson remarked that it was growing late, and time to go to bed. Crable turned and left Lyman, and stepped to the money-drawer preparatory to closing up the house, when Jackson ordered the beer for the party. Lyman refused to drink, when Jackson requested him to take a cigar; this was also declined. Francis stepped up to the counter and drank a portion of the glass of beer, and, setting the glass down, told Jackson to observe how nervous he was, at the same time turning very pale. Jackson told him to sit down and quiet himself. Instead of doing so, however, he spoke to Lyman about arresting him earlier in the evening, when Lyman laughed and told him that he had received orders to do so, and was only

PERFORMING HIS DUTY.

At this the officer turned partly around and began buttoning up his overcoat preparatory to going out of the house, but the last word had scarcely fallen from his lips before Francis fired. Jackson immediately caught him, when the revolver was turned upon him, and in the scuffle he was thrown around between Francis and his victim. The officer, after being shot, staggered, rallied and exclaimed: "I'm shot and dying!" and, drawing his revolver, ran after Francis, who passed through the screen doors to the dining room, and attempted to pass into the kitchen and escape, but the door leading to the kitchen being locked his escape was cut off. The wounded man reached the screen doors leading to the dining room, where he fell and expired in a few moments afterward. When the shot was fired Crable was standing at the money drawer, with his back to Francis, and immediately turned and ran into the dining room, reaching the door before the wounded officer did. As soon as he passed into the room he was covered with Francis' pistol and ordered to halt, which he did not do, however, but caught hold of the revolver, when Francis said he would surrender to a policeman. At this juncture Officer Hatfield entered the saloon, and was soon followed by Officers Grouser and Hughes, and Francis was arrested and lodged in the station house and sent to jail at an early hour this morning, where he now occupies the same cell from whence two other members of the "gang"

MARCHED TO THE GALLOW.

The murdered man lived with his wife and five small children in West Dayton, on the corner of Broadway and Dale avenue, to which place he was taken this morning. He was thirty-two years of age, and esteemed as a good and faithful officer. A post mortem examination was held on his remains this afternoon, when it was found that the ball had entered between the third and fourth ribs on the left side, passing through the left lung and severing the pulmonary artery, and lodged between the eighth and ninth ribs on the right side, breaking the latter rib.

Francis was called upon in jail to-day, and seemed very much excited and restless. When asked about the affair he claimed that he had shot in self-defense; that Lyman was about to draw on him, and that when he fired he did not intend to kill. His statement does not agree with the two witnesses who were present, nor with others, who say that Francis stated that he would "croak" Lyman. The father of Francis several years ago was shot and killed at a card-table in Brookville, Ind.

The murdered officer was buried on Sunday, the 18th inst., the entire police force and the lodge of Odd Fellows, of which he was a member, taking part in the ceremonies.

Beastly Bauer.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn., Jan. 16.—The remarkable manner in which a magnetic physician took advantage of the superstitious credulity of Miss Anna M. Gibson, a buxom young woman from Camden, N. J., to satisfy his passions, was described by her under oath at the Central Station to-day. The physician, Charles Bauer, is about fifty-four years old, and is married. His "shingle" hangs out at 939 North Seventh street.

Miss Gibson testified that in December last she went to Bauer for treatment for stiffness in the knee-joint. On the first visit she disrobed, and the doctor went solemnly around the apartment, describing all sorts of strange signs and uttering cabalistic language. Then he made "passes" before her similar to those employed by mesmerists. He wound up by rubbing the afflicted limb. At the second visit she was still further disabled, and directed to extend her body at length on the floor, the doctor repeating the usual nonsense, and telling her to remain perfectly quiet under pain of disrupting the electric and magnetic currents.

At the final visit, on December 15th, in obedience to his instructions, she stripped completely naked and lay prostrate upon the floor, with the palms of her hands, by the Doctor's advice, pressed to the carpet. She was told that a cure would be imperiled were she to raise her hands while she was in this position. Bauer, after a few turns around the room, rushed to her suddenly and committed rape upon her. She was warned that if she divulged anything about his treatment, the chances of her recovery would be jeopardized. Nevertheless, on her return home she informed her sister-in-law, who visited Bauer and demanded an explanation. He admitted the crime, but said in extenuation that the spirits had controlled him.

Two other ladies who had been subjected to the same infamous ordeal, but who dreaded the publicity it would give them were they to bring an action against Bauer, until they heard of the young girl's determination to sue him, also testified to the outrages committed by Bauer upon their persons. It was shown that Bauer resides with his wife in the house where the alleged offenses were committed. Bauer admitted that he had reduced his patients to a nude state as part of his regimen, but denied the grosser crime. He was committed to prison in default of \$1,000 bail. He claims to be a graduate of a Cincinnati Medical College.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

Violent Death of a Well-known Chicago
Prostitute—Shot and Killed in a
Drunken Brawl.

CHICAGO, Jan. 17.—All over Chicago there are establishments similar to those which a few years since were found in such profusion along the great business arteries in St. Louis. On the street, in front of the door, is a female, in scant attire, built on the modern Indian plan. Inside the door there is a little cigar stand. Behind the cigar stand there is a bright-eyed damsel, and behind the bright-eyed damsel's little place there are a number of rooms fitted up for questionable purposes. In one of these places, situated at No. 75 Kinzie street, a terrible tragedy was enacted at an early hour this morning, in which the mistress, a woman known as Lottie Robinson, was shot and instantly killed by one of the patrons of the house. About 3:30 this morning Officer Gunderson was startled by the report of a revolver, followed in rapid succession by two other reports. Hurrying to the house in question he was admitted, after some delay in unlocking the door. In one of the rooms a horrible sight met his gaze. Upon the floor lay a woman

SWELTERING IN HER BLOOD.

A man at her side, upon his knees, was vainly endeavoring to stanch the crimson tide that flowed from a wound in her left breast, and that was slowly dyeing her bosom, as well as to stay the trickling current that dripped from another wound in her chin. She was gasping heavily as the officer entered, and he had hardly advanced up to her when the death-rattle was heard in her throat and she expired. The man at her side, who was also bleeding from a bullet wound in the right arm, took a sheet from the bed with the officer's assistance, and they covered with it the nude form of the dead woman. Officer Gunderson then turned to the two parties present, an inmate named Gertrude March and the man, who is well known to the police as James H. Fanning, but failed to obtain from them any coherent account of the affair. They were locked up to await further examination into the case. Subsequent investigation and inquiry by reporters and detectives developed the following facts: The murdered woman and James Fanning slept in a room immediately back of the cigar shop. Immediately in the rear of them was another room, which was occupied by Gertrude March and a stranger. The latter was known only by the name of George, had only been there once before, and calling last evening took the girl, Gertrude March, out for a walk. They returned after midnight, both under

THE INFLUENCE OF LIQUOR.

Nothing transpired between that time and 3 o'clock in the morning. At that hour Lottie Robinson made her appearance in the room. What brought her there has not transpired. A difficulty ensued, and she attacked the stranger, breaking a water pitcher upon his head, according to the story of the girl Gertrude March. Lottie Robinson then called for Fanning, who rushed to her assistance, when the stranger fired. He sent two balls into her, one emerging at the chin, the other at the left breast, after penetrating the heart. Fanning received a ball in the right arm, shattering the bone and tearing the flesh fearfully. Without waiting for his clothes the stranger jumped from a back window to the ground. He left behind a shirt, some underclothes and a pair of shoes. A coat and vest were pitched out to him by Gertrude March, and, climbing a fence and going through a lumber yard, he got away. The detectives worked on the case with commendable skill. From the March girl they obtained a list of the places she had visited last evening and a description of the man's personal appearance. With this clue they learned that a young man of this description was living in the O'Neil Building. Thither they posted, and knocked at every door until they came to the right one. Here the young fellow, who was reported to be rooming with "George" and whom the officers knew from the description they had obtained, put in an appearance. They at once asked him where his "partner" was. He denied that he had any roommate. The officers thereupon entered the apartment and commenced a search. The first thing that struck the eye of Detective Wiley was

A BLOODY COAT

lying on the bed. They pulled out the bed at once, and there, straddled on the floor, shivering like an aspen, was the man they wanted. He gave his name as George W. Stratton, and his occupation as that of a silversmith. He did not deny the shooting, and claimed that he did it purely in self-defense. He said that an organized effort was made by the gang in the house to rob him, and that he had held his pocket-book in his teeth to prevent the consummation of the plot. Believing that he was in danger, he had fired. He exhibited a wound extending from the back of his head to his temple, which completely laid open the scalp. This, he said, was inflicted by the woman deceased, who struck him with a picture and a water-pitcher, smashing the latter in the attempt. He claimed to have thrown the revolver into the river. He declines to say any more than what he told the officer, further than that he can show teeth marks in his pocket-book to prove that he held it in his mouth to escape robbery.

The dead woman was well known to the police as "Dutch Lot," and among her associates as Lottie Robinson. She was, when a girl, called Bertha Botenhagen, born and residing in Jefferson, this county, until 1870. She came, at the age of thirteen years, with her parents to Chicago. Her father purchased a little home at 723 North Halsted street, where he and his family have since lived. Bertha went to school at the corner of Willow and Barling streets until sixteen years old, when she made the acquaintance of a young man giving his name as Peterson, who succeeded in winning her love only to take advantage of its confidence. When about eighteen a child was born, and finding herself disowned by family and friends, discouraged and disheartened, she

SANK STEP BY STEP

to the lowest depths of the fallen. The child, a boy, was given over to a respectable family named Cook, living in Milwaukee, so that his future might be uncontaminated by the evil influences that surrounded his wretched mother. Frequently she made attempts to cut loose from her associations and reform, but with no helping hand the struggle was more than could be carried out.

A TERRIBLE DEED.

Crazed With Rum, a Musician Murders
His Young Wife and Then Blows His
Own Brains Out.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 12.—A double tragedy, of a revolting and dastardly nature, was enacted near this city about 10 o'clock last night, but was not discovered until this morning. A dispatch from the National Soldiers' Home, three miles from the city, notified the coroner of a murder and suicide at that institution. Professor William G. Wilkinson, the leader of the National Cornet Band, had shot and killed his wife and then blown his own brains out by a second shot from the same revolver.

Your correspondent was early on the ground, and from different inmates at the Home was soon in possession of all the facts concerning the blood-curdling affair. The room where the murder and suicide took place was first visited. It is in a small one-story frame building, in the south-western part of the grounds, situated directly across the drive from the hospital, about fifty feet distant. Wilkinson's family boarded with a man named Schaffer, who holds some position in the hospital, and occupied the six rooms in the house. Walking through the house a

HORRIBLE AND SICKENING SIGHT

was witnessed in the bed-room. In one corner the body of Mrs. Wilkinson was lying, her head partly under a desk at which she had been writing, and near the stove, lying on his back, with his head on the threshold of the door leading into the children's bedroom, was the body of Wilkinson, rigid and stiff in the cold embrace of death. Blood and brains were slowly oozing from pistol-wounds in the heads of both.

Mrs. Wilkinson was lying face downward, with the left hand grasping the hair immediately over the spot where the ball had entered, on the left side of the head, almost two inches directly above the ear, the ball having first gone through the forehead. Her hair, which was very long and very much disheveled, was a mass of matted blood and brains, and her face was imbedded in a pool of clotted blood. She had taken off her shoes and unbuttoned her dress at the throat and was preparing to retire when she concluded to write a letter, at which time her husband returned. Wilkinson's body was only six feet from that of his wife, the room being small, and extended from in front of the stove to the door above mentioned. Just back of the right temple the death-dealing ball had entered. His death had been instantaneous, as was also that of his wife, who had apparently

DIED WITHOUT A STRUGGLE.

Blood was slowly oozing from the wound, and the carpet under his head and shoulders was thoroughly soaked with it. The body was stretched at full length, and the pistol with which two lives had been destroyed was on the floor beside it. Wilkinson had all of his clothing on except his cap, but had taken off the peculiar crutch he wore strapped to his left leg, and left in the children's room.

None of the rooms were in the least disordered, and the tragedy was enacted without the usual scuffle. Everything was in order, and the general appearance of the rooms was neat and comfortable. From the position of the bodies Wilkinson doubtless stood in front of the stove, and shot his wife in the back of the head as she was rising from the chair at the desk, and then, without leaving his tracks, sent the second bullet crashing through his own skull. Schaffer's two eldest children were sleeping in a bed in the adjoining room with a little dwarf named Willie Hartzell, who boarded with the Wilkinsons. About daylight Willie was awakened, and leaving his bed was unable to leave the room, the outside doors being locked and the keys removed. He then succeeded in raising a window, and getting out quickly notified his father, who was in the hospital. The doors were forced open and the

BODIES FOUND AS STATED.

The coroner held an inquest, but nothing of the cause of the murder could be learned, and a verdict in accordance with the above facts was returned.

In the dead woman's pocket was found a letter to a sister in Chicago, telling her that on account of her husband's drinking she was broken-hearted, and would leave her husband to-day and return to that city, her former home, where she was known as Maggie Egan. Prof. W. G. Wilkinson was a native of Leeds, England, and was thirty-eight years old. At the commencement of the war he went out as band-master of the Seventy-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, but was mustered out in 1863. He went to Louisville, Ky., and organized a band, and lived there until 1874, when, on account of chronic rheumatism, he was admitted to the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, but was transferred to this. He was a fine musician and composer of music, was dissipated, and doubtless murdered his wife while drunk, which sobered him, and, realizing his awful crime, blew out his own brains. His wife was a very beautiful woman, and was twenty-four years old. They leave three very small children. The double tragedy was the most horrible ever enacted in this state.

A negro cook on a caboose on the Alabama Great Southern Railroad took out an insurance policy for \$1,000 at 8 o'clock one evening, and at 11 p. m. on the same evening accidentally fell from the train and was killed. The negroes along the line believed that if he had not taken out the policy he would not have been killed. An attempt on the part of the agent to sell accident tickets the following day proved unavailing.



JOHN FRANCIS, A NOTORIOUS DAYTON, O., RUFFIAN, SHOOTS AND KILLS OFFICER LEE LYMAN IN A SALOON IN THAT CITY FOR ARRESTING HIM FOR CARRYING CONCEALED WEAPONS.—SEE PAGE 7.



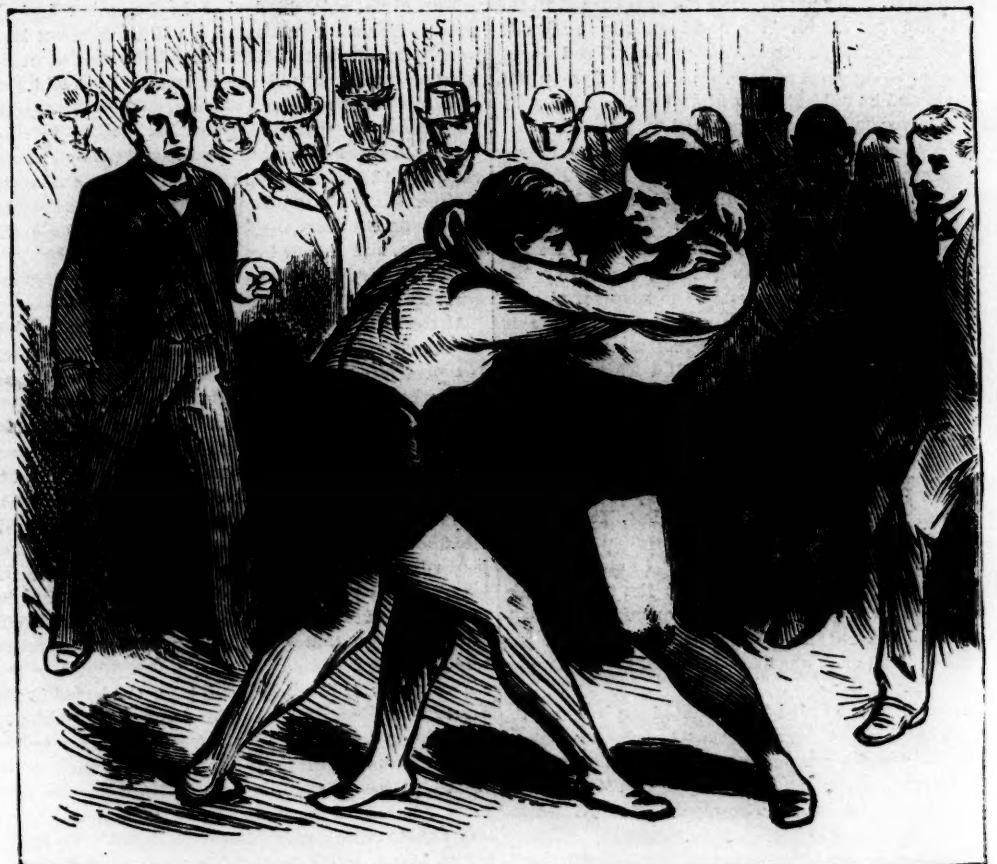
A BORDER HEROINE—"IF YOU KILL HIM YOU MUST KILL ME"—ADAH TEMPLETON PROTECTS HER LOVER FROM THE MURDEROUS ASSAULTS OF HER BROTHER, AND NOBLY DEFENDS HIM TO THE LAST.—SEE PAGE 3.



"AND THE HUSBAND WAS BEHIND THE DOOR."—A CLERICAL BLACKLEG INVADES THE HOME OF ONE OF HIS FLOCK AND INDULGES IN A LITTLE KISSING ON HIS OWN HOOK—SHAMELESS FAMILIARITY STERNLY REBUKED; WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.—SEE PAGE 3.



A COWARDLY MOB OF DESPERADOES ENTER A HOUSE OF ILL-FAME AND ATTEMPT TO LYNCH ONE OF THE FEMALE INMATES FOR SOME FANCIED INSULT; SULLIVAN, IND.—SEE PAGE 10.



POLICE-OFFICER MULDOON, THE HERCULES OF THE METROPOLITAN FORCE, WINS THE CHAMPIONSHIP BELT IN A WRESTLING CONTEST WITH THIEBAUD BAUER AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—SEE PAGE 10.



NEW YORK'S DEADLY DIVES—SCENES AT THE HAYMARKET, FORMERLY THE OLD ARGYLE ROOMS, ON A GALA NIGHT—SHADOW DANCES IN WHICH THE SYRENS OF SIXTH AVENUE TRIP THE LIGHT FANTASTIC IN COMPANY WITH THE FAST BLOODS OF THE METROPOLIS—(SENTENCED BY OUR OWN ARTISTS. SEE PAGE 15.)



CAPTAIN BYRNES SETS THE POLICE DRAG-NET, AND MAKES A HAUL OF FRISKY CITIZENS AND GAY DAMSELS AT "THE" ALLEN'S BLEECKER STREET BAL MABILLE ON SATURDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 17.—SEE PAGE 3.

A GHOSTLY MYSTERY.

The Uneasy Spirit of a Young Courtesan Visits the Scene of Her Former Misery, and Displays

A HORRID PASSION.

No Less Than Strangling Sleeping Infants—A Seance That Revealed Some Startling Facts.

A LESSON WITH A TERRIBLE MORAL.

READING, Pa., Jan. 14.—The interest in stories of the supernatural in our city has been revived in the southern section by one of the strangest tales of ghostly interference in every-day affairs that has ever been known. On account of the loss which would result to the esteemed citizen who happens to own the haunted premises, an effort was made to keep the matter from the knowledge of the public, and a noted lady spiritualist, who has often communed with spirits from the unseen world, positively refused to say anything in regard to it. A detective was quickly on the track of the ghostly mystery, and gives the facts as related by several persons, amongst them a veteran who smelled powder under Hooker and Grant, and is not easily frightened. These persons vouch for the truth of the story. For the reasons above stated the exact location of the haunted house is not given. Suffice it to say that the gloomy little street in which the building is situated is as dark at night as a wolf's mouth, and might well be the abiding place of spirits too wicked to rest away from the scenes of their

CRIMES AND MISERY.

Some years ago Lizzie Samson, a young and prepossessing girl of this city, was induced by companions of her own age to walk the streets in the evening "for a little sport." As usual, flirtations with strangers followed, then love for wine and worse companionship, and then she fell, and those whom the poor girl had often seen to set an example of recklessness to such as she had been, shunned her as a fallen woman. Months sped by, and the once handsome girl, who had been a toy for first one man and then another until her confidence in man's promises was totally destroyed, was stricken down with one of those pestilential diseases which dirty streets and the carelessness of some of the people occasionally bring upon cities and towns.

"Oh! it was pitiful,
In a whole city full,
Friends she had none."

At least, none who would care for her, now that she was about to become a loathsome object, and she sought the usual refuge of the sick and friendless, the almshouse hospital. Kinder care than she expected, and the services of a skilled physician, failed to check the work of the disease upon her shattered constitution, and soon she was

ONE OF THE PAUPER DEAD.

But her unquiet spirit could not rest. The crimes of which others may have been the indirect cause seemed too great for expiation even by a death of wild delirium and loathsomeness in a poorhouse hospital.

The family in one of the houses which she had formerly occupied, in a thickly-settled portion of South Reading, began to complain of mysterious noises at night, and one or two timid persons said they had seen at times something like a dark shadow. This story was ridiculed at first, but the trouble continued, and soon the house was empty, the family refusing to remain there. Other families who occupied the premises were also obliged to leave, but none would tell the reason. At last the horrible mystery was revealed. One evening a lady in the house saw a dark and terrible shadow, which gradually developed into a most horrid apparition. It seemed to be almost shapeless and as black as midnight, but it bore some resemblance to a female form of medium height. As it passed across the room a chill wind, like a winter blast, seemed to go before it, almost extinguishing the lamp in the room, in which was a cradle containing

A BOSTY YOUNG INFANT.

The figure moved past the beholder, and the face—like a hideous mask and said to be too fearful to be described—was turned towards the shuddering woman, whose terror at last burst the bounds of silence and she uttered a shriek that startled the household. The dread visitor disappeared, but the ridicule of the family could not shake the belief of the frightened woman that she had seen a veritable ghost.

Soon after this it was noticed that on several occasions the infant in the cradle would suddenly gasp at night and go into convulsions, which ceased only when it was removed from the cradle. On several occasions the child seemed about to be strangled to death, and its neck was found to be icy cold. Again and again the terrible dark figure appeared, at times grinning in its hideousness in such a way as almost to freeze the blood of the beholders—for none of the family would remain in the room alone.

One evening, when the mother had for a moment gone into an adjoining room, the sudden gasping and struggling of her infant in the cradle, with a half-strangled cry, brought her quickly back, and there, stooping over the cradle, was the terrible form of inky blackness, dimly visible in the flickering light of the lamp, with a most fiendish expression upon its hideous countenance, and both its skeleton hands thrust downwards, slowly

CHOKING THE BABE TO DEATH.

The mother-love implanted in woman's heart so deep that death has no terrors when her child is in peril, gave courage to the horrified mother, and with a loud

scream she darted forward and tore her child from the grasp of the spectre, who turned upon her a distorted face so hideous in its malignity as it faded away that the poor woman had barely strength to reach the other room, when she fell in a swoon with her rescued infant in her arms.

Leading spiritualists were sent for, and several "circles" were held in the house, but the pious hymns and short prayers of these believers in supernatural visitants seemed to frighten away the horrible apparition. At last, however, a lady medium was seen to be under the control of some unquiet spirit, and as she spoke slowly but distinctly in the half-darkened room, where the circle sat hand-in-hand, a lady present started all by exclaiming: "That is Kate Samson's voice; I know her." Others who had known the ill-fated girl who had died in the hospital also recognized the voice, and one of them asked why the unquiet spirit still troubled the earth. Slowly the terrible confession was made. In that very room, the dead girl's voice said, she had been betrayed by a young man of good family, whose name she gave. He was now dead, and the low voice said: "He is not where the music plays, either." In that room she had strangled her infant child, and her betrayer, it seemed, had knowledge, or at least suspicion of the crime,

BUT KEPT HIS PEACE.

There was another man, she said, a widower, who was one of her companions in guilt, whose surname she gave, but she refused to give his christian name, as she said he was still living, and she "would not give him away." She hinted at other crimes, and said that the family must leave the house or she could not rest, for she could not see an infant without a fierce desire to strangle it to death. It was her tormented shape that had been seen in the house, but now that her terrible crime was confessed, she would not again appear to mortal eyes if the child was removed. If the family remained the mother could not keep her baby. The place of the murdered child's burial was given, but was soon forgotten by the horror-stricken gathering, which dispersed in awe soon after the medium had awakened, starting and trembling as if from a terrible nightmare. Soon the house was dark and silent, and the next day the pallid occupant departed to another home. The house was since occupied by other tenants, who appear to be ignorant of the terrible revelation, and they have made no complaints of any annoyance except occasional noises at night, which have been

ASCRIBED TO NATURAL CAUSES.

The dead girl was well known to residents of that neighborhood, and were her real name mentioned it would instantly be recognized, as well as that of her betrayer.

It is well known that many living persons who have committed serious crimes have never found rest until they have confessed their guilt, and why should not spirits of the dead unseen world be similarly tormented? If so, well may the question be asked: "Is conscience alone the tormenting fiend of the dreadful hereafter? Or is it true that

"There is a dreadful hell

With everlasting pains,

Where sinners shall with devils dwell,

In darkness, fire and chains."

Whichever it may be, let all beware of the first step in the broad pathway of sin, and shun the fate of poor Kate Samson!

Muldoon Defeats Bauer.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Policeman Muldoon, of the First Precinct, and Thiebaut Bauer wrestled in Greco-Roman style at Madison Square Garden on the evening of the 19th inst., for a medal said to be worth \$100, the champion ship and the gate receipts. There was a motley crowd of about 3,000 present, many of whom, apparently, were of the opinion that, notwithstanding it was given out that there was bad feeling between the contestants growing out of a decision given by Muldoon in the Bibby Christol match, it was a pre-arranged thing that Muldoon should win. And Muldoon did win. Harry Hill was referee, and the umpires were Edwin Bibby for Bauer and Captain Palmer for the policeman. Though there was some very good work on the part of both men in the first round, it became such a tedious struggle, or seeming struggle, that the spectators became noisily impatient. This brought the wrestlers to their senses, and in a few minutes Muldoon secured what was termed a fair fall, and Bauer made no objection. The bout lasted almost an hour.

After a rest of fifteen minutes the second bout was begun. It differed from the other one in that Bauer got mad and won in twenty minutes. Muldoon won the third bout and match in four and a half minutes with apparent ease. During the contest Bibby offered to wrestle the winner, and James E. Kelly said he would bet two to one on him. The affair can be summarized as follows: Muldoon retires on the glory, Bauer gets the gate money, or three-quarters of it, and the spectators witnessed a good show, perhaps.

Miss Hammond, Horse-Thief.

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 15.—Miss Elizabeth Hammond, a young and pretty girl of about 22, was brought to the city to-day and committed to the penitentiary to serve out a sentence of three years for horse stealing in Russell county. The fair prisoner belongs to a highly respectable family in that section, and is well educated, refined in appearance, and the last person who would be selected as a thief, much less the daring and bold one which she is alleged to be. Miss Hammond is said to have run off with several valuable horses within the past few months. She was detected in one of these forays a few weeks ago, arrested, tried, convicted, and to-day is the occupant of a cell in the state prison. The accused is petite in form, with soft, dark brown eyes and chestnut curls, with a face of peculiar attractiveness. This is believed to be the first case where a woman has been convicted on the charge of horse stealing, and is certainly the only one of the kind that ever occurred in this state

ONE WISE MAN.

He Lives in Connecticut, and His Name is Hotchkiss—He Believes Hayden Guilty, and Maintains His Opinion—End of the Great Trial.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 19.—The Rev. Herbert H. Hayden was brought into the court-house, in this city, at 8:20 yesterday morning. A noisy prisoner kept him awake a part of the night. He slept several hours on Sunday. Two or three hundred persons were grouped around the entrance of the court-house as he alighted from the buggy. He bowed to several acquaintances, threaded his way through the throng, and was ushered into the sheriff's private office. His wife, father and mother were awaiting him. The most tender greetings were exchanged. A basket of rare flowers, the gift of a sympathizing friend, sat upon the table. A second large bouquet was sent in during the forenoon. A few friends were allowed to pay their respects to Mr. Hayden. He spent the forenoon in smoking cigars and reading newspapers.

The doors of the court-room were opened at 9 A. M. The room was quickly filled. At half past 9 Judge Sanford took his seat and told the sheriff to open court. This was done. Judge Sanford then retired, and the usual hum of conversation ensued. Mr. Hayden's friends were out in force. The hard-fisted Rocklanders crowded an enclosure set apart for the use of witnesses. Every seat in the court-room was occupied, and the aisles and ante-chambers were filled with persons anxious to see the

CLOSING SCENE IN THE TRIAL.

All the counsel in the case were within call excepting Messrs. Watrous and Waller; the former was in New York, and the latter remained in New London.

At five minutes past 11 three deliberate knocks were heard at the door of the jury-room.

"An alarm at the inner door, Worshipful," said a spectator. The sheriff smiled, and ascertained the cause of the alarm. Juror Horace B. Perry, of the Vandyké beard, wanted to send word to his store concerning certain drafts or checks. His request was granted, and the humming broke out afresh. Forty-nine minutes later there was another alarm. The sheriff delivered a communication from the jurors to the judges, but quickly reappeared and announced a recess until half past 2 o'clock.

The doors were reopened at 2. The room was packed within five minutes. At 3:20 there was a stir at the door. Sheriff Byrbee appeared, followed by the prisoner. Mrs. Hayden accompanied him. Her face told the story of her agony. Hollow-eyed and haggard, fifteen years seemed to have been added to her age. Mr. Hayden was flushed. He walked rapidly within the bar, crushing his black felt hat in his hand. He took his seat at the side of Mr. Hubbard. The devoted wife buried her face within her handkerchief, and began to weep. Her brother gazed at her with mournful eyes. Several ladies in the audience covered their eyes, and apparently murmured a prayer. The door to the judges' room opened, and Mr. Jones came in, with a grave face. He walked around the bench, and took the seat at the bar usually occupied by Mr. Watrous. Counselor Zacher took his old seat. Judge Harrison was absent. A moment later the judges came from the lobby, and

TOOK THEIR SEATS.

"Sheriff," said Chief Justice Park, "you may speak to the jury."

Sheriff Byrbee stepped to the door of the jury-room. The room was as silent as the grave. The jury filed out, headed by the long-haired foreman. Mr. Perry glanced at the sad family group near him; his fellows turned their eyes toward the judges.

"Call the roll of the jury," said Chief Justice Park.

Edward A. Ankettell, the clerk, arose at his desk. Sheriff Byrbee stationed himself at his side.

"Case of the State against Herbert H. Hayden," said the clerk. "Gentlemen of the jury, please rise and answer to your names when called. William Brotherton [one, said the sheriff], Joseph O. Kane [two], Egbert J. Thrall [three], David B. Hotchkiss [four], James Barker [five], Garry B. Johnson [six], Horace B. Perry [seven], John T. Many [eight], Russell W. Norton [nine], Albert E. Clark [ten], Eli G. Bronson [eleven], John Basham [twelve]."

The jury were in line facing the judges.

"Gentlemen of the jury," clerk Ankettell continued, "have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We can hardly answer that question," the foreman replied, with a troubled face. (Mr. Hayden's eyes were riveted upon him.) "We have

TRIED HARD TO AGREE.

but have not done so."

Chief Justice Park looked at the foreman through his glasses.

"Is there any reasonable prospect for an agreement?" he asked.

"Some of us think not," Mr. Brotherton answered.

"We should not like to have you return the papers while there is any reasonable hope for an agreement," said Chief Justice Park.

"I cannot say that it is impossible to agree," Mr. Brotherton responded.

There was a pause. The judges conferred in a whisper.

"Perhaps the jury had better consider the matter a little longer," said Chief Justice Park, "and see whether they cannot come to some agreement."

"If your Honors wish it," the foreman replied, "we will do the best we can."

"You had probably better retire," said the Chief Justice, "and consider the case further. If you cannot agree you can report to us. You may retire."

The jury again left the room. The judges withdrew. The accused clergyman and suffering wife descended the stairs to the sheriff's office hand in hand, and the machinery of conversation was started afresh.

Nothing of interest developed until 9:07, when the jury asked the Court if a verdict of murder in the second degree could be found under the indictment

The Court said yes, as it was a question of fact. Five minutes later the jury returned, and said they COULD NOT AGREE.

The Court discharged them, Judge Park thanking them for their faithful attention. The Special Term was then adjourned. Secrecy was not enjoined on the jurors, and it is positive that murder in the first degree was never entertained, and since Saturday morning there were eleven for acquittal and one for murder in the second degree. The obstinate man was Hotchkiss, of Prospect, and he is roundly cursed by every friend of Hayden's.

The Hayden family filed into court like a funeral procession, the prisoner's wife leaning on a deputy sheriff. The family bore it well, and more particularly when the standing of the jury was ascertained. Counsel say it is practically an acquittal, and that Hayden will not be tried again. The prisoner was not disturbed, but his eyes filled with tears when his friends wept. The Special Term cannot discharge the prisoner, but the State Attorney will be asked to nolle the case. It is expected that he will. If not, bail will be asked to be taken at the regular term of court now in session. The scene at the court-room baffles description. People were almost crazed with rejoicing, and anathematized the obstinate juror.

A Terrible Alliance.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, O., Jan. 18.—A story of iniquity, horrible and revolting in all its details, comes to us from our neighboring town Canal Dover. The facts in the case, as near as we can learn them, are as follows: About ten years ago a man living at Columbus, Ohio, whose name for the present is withheld, shocked the moral sense of the community with his conduct to such an extent that he was treated with a coat of tar and feathers and driven out of the city. With his reputed wife he located at Canal Dover and engaged in the painting business. Shortly after his arrival his father and mother also located there, and they at once spread the report that his wife was none other than his full sister! People were loth to believe the report, as the man persistently denied it. The woman, however, upon being closely questioned, admitted to the neighbors that she was at least a half-sister. They lived in a moderately well-furnished house, and, to all outward appearances, seemed peaceable and well-behaved.

Time wore on, and it began to be generally believed that the couple were really sister and brother. About eight years ago a child was born to them, who is yet living, but horribly deformed. His body is nothing but a shapeless lump of boneless flesh, and his legs are so frail that they will not support him. He is never seen by any one outside the family. About two years afterward another child was born to them, but it died and was hurriedly buried and no one was ever permitted to see it. It is said that this child was also a boneless dwarf. The community naturally became highly indignant at such conduct in their midst and threatened the couple with a summary punishment in the shape of a coat of tar and feathers. A wild crowd gathered one night at the house to take it by storm, but they were forced to retire by the man appearing at the door, who, with revolver in hand, dared the crowd to touch him. The daring bravado has since been the terror of the town and is shunned by every one, even by his own brother. The case was such a revolting one that the people of the community were loth to agitate it or stir it up, but a few days ago another child was born to the couple in question, and now the indignant community declare that they will bear such conduct no longer. The last child is said to have been a "monstrosity." It presented an osteological phenomenon. Every part of the anatomy was perfect except the bones, which were wanting, and in their stead was a pulpy gristle. A colored woman of Canal Dover was the only person who would volunteer to assist the woman in her agony. As soon as the child was born, the father, it is asserted, opened one of its arteries and permitted it to bleed to death. The latest report is that the community even yet hesitate to take any definite stand with regard to ridding the town of this disgusting element, and it is difficult to forecast the upshot.

Lynching a Woman.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SULLIVAN, Ind., Jan. 17.—Several intoxicated coal-miners, whose names cannot at this writing be ascertained, went out to the house of Madame Dale, who keeps a bagnio in the eastern part of the town, to-night, and after using much violent language and threatening to burn down the house, effected an entrance, and after giving the woman some very rough usage took her out, and putting a rope about her neck was about to lynch her. In the meantime the other inmates of the house had silently made their way to town and procured the services of an officer, who hurried out to the scene of the trouble. The miners having arrived at what was about to prove the crisis of the affair, got wind of this, dropped on their game and ran. No arrests have yet been made. The miners threatened, when balked in their purpose to-night, to blow up the town in the future with gunpowder. It is learned that the cause of the trouble was the fact of a visiting miner from the neighboring town of Shelbourn having been robbed while visiting the house, and this, added to the fact of their all being under the influence of liquor, it is supposed, enraged them to their deed of violence. Madame Dale immediately left town.

EATON, O., Jan. 19.—Mrs. Margaret Ann Brown, a gay and dashing widow, filed a complaint to-day before J. R. Stephen, Justice of the Peace, charging Mr. Jacob Strader, a grass widower, with being the father of an expected illegitimate child. The young and youthful chap waltzed up to the Squire's office and compromised the matter by agreeing to get a divorce as soon as the wheels of the law would grind out one, and then marry Margaret Ann.

A MAD WORLD.

Juvenile Depravity Turns Its
Attention to Murder, and
Makes a Hit.

DAISY MINTOM'S LAST STEP.

Fred Spalding, a Nice Young Man,
Betrays His Trust and Embez-
zles the Public Funds.

SCARRED FOR LIFE.

A Party of Friends Wind
Up a Social Spree With
a Tragedy.

WICKED SHADOW'S DOUBLE CRIME.

SHOT AND HANGED.

ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 17.—Nat Smith, a negro, confined in the jail at Jonesboro for an attempted rape, was taken out by unknown men, carried five miles and hanged. When found he had a gun-shot wound through the breast, apparently made after being hanged.

BURGLARY.

KNIGHTSTOWN, Ind., Jan. 20.—On Sunday night last the residence of Professor Charles Hewitt, of this city, was entered by burglars while the family were attending church services. The pillagers secured nearly forty dollars' worth of jewelry and left a large amount of silver-ware, which was left upon the dining-room table. Their capture is not entertained.

ALLEGED ABORTION.

OSHKOSH, Wis., Jan. 18.—On Saturday morning Mrs. Shadow was arrested by the sheriff of Portage county on a charge of abortion on a girl named Anna Koenig. The officer also proceeded to Marinette, where he arrested a man named Gates as an accessory. The Koenig girl came to Oshkosh from Portage some time since, and was taken sick and died, and it is claimed that an abortion had been committed by Gates and the woman Shadow.

TWICE IN A WEEK.

CEADARVILLE, O., Jan. 15.—Last night about 8 o'clock as Miss Roadamer, of Selma, a place five miles east of here, was going from Mr. Hollingsworth's to Mr. Wilson's, a near neighbor, she was caught by a man who tried to commit rape on her, but her cries brought Mr. Wilson to her rescue, when the villain fled without accomplishing his purpose. This makes the second time an outrage has been attempted on Miss Roadamer in the last week.

DELIBERATE MURDER.

BRISTOL, Va., Jan. 17.—A bloody murder occurred this evening at Stony Creek, in Carter county, Tenn. Two young men named Bowers, cousins, had been to church and returned. One of them, seeing the other talking to his sister, seemed to have been inflamed at the sight, and deliberately shot him dead with a musket, so that his sister saw her lover and cousin fall a bloody corpse at her side. He was arrested and is in jail. The real cause of the murder is a deep mystery. The affair causes intense excitement.

MURDERED FOR A TRIFLE.

MARSHALL, Ill., Jan. 18.—On Saturday evening two men named Kandy and Kirby, residing near Castle Run, in this county, got into an altercation about the payment of \$1.40, claimed by Kirby. Words led to hot blood, and Kandy was shot by Kirby through the right lung, and it is thought by his physician that he cannot possibly recover. Kirby claims that Kandy drew a knife on him and advanced on him to strike, and that the shooting was done in self-defense. Kirby has been arrested and placed in jail to await the result of the wound.

FRUITLESS BURGLARY.

LONDONVILLE, O., Jan. 18.—The dry goods and provision store of J. L. Deyarman, at Lakeville, was entered by three tramps last night by gaining entrance through a cellar. There were two boys sleeping in the store at the time, John Cupp and Harmon Butler, who did not hear the robbers, as they wore gum shoes. The robbers, on seeing the two sleeping boys, began beating them over the head and face with clubs that they carried. The boys were severely beaten, but not seriously hurt. The robbers escaped the way they entered, but did not carry off any plunder, and have so far escaped arrest.

ANOTHER FOOL.

PEORIA, Ill., Jan. 17.—A fresh young fellow named Meek Archdale, from Hollis township, on his way to Minonk, threw away \$50 on a bogus check to an entire stranger at the Union Depot to-day. The stranger found out where he was going, and then, telling him he lived at Minonk and was in business there, borrowed \$50 of him, giving a check as security with which to pay for goods he had bought, and then sent away, saying he would be back in a few minutes and go to Minonk with him. It is superfluous to observe that he did not return. The police are looking for him, but with poor prospects of success.

UNEASY BELL.

DIXON, Ill., Jan. 18.—Facts have recently come to light that two attempts have been made, both at night, to assassinate G. W. Bell, a lawyer of Harmon, and the alleged murderer of his wife by poison. Har-

mon is a small village in this (Lee) county. Several nights ago, while Mr. Bell was preparing to retire, two shots from a gun were fired at him through a window, both going through the stove-pipe near him and lodging in a closet, breaking crockery on the shelf. Bell rushed to the door, when a third shot was fired, missing him. The result of the post-mortem examination of the stomach of Mrs. Bell is awaited with great anxiety here and in northern Illinois, where he is generally known.

A MOTHER'S CRIME.

BELLEFONTAINE, O., Jan. 20.—Mrs. McCleary, a handsome young widow, residing near Round Head, Hardin county, O., was found lying in the woods on Monday. She had been missing for several days, and when found was nearly dead from hunger and exposure. She was taken to the house of her brother-in-law, a man named Nagle, where she partially revived. She refused to give any account of her actions. The family were terrified the next morning to find a dead infant in the back yard, which she had given birth to and carried there during the night. At the inquest it was proved that the child was born alive and died from exposure. The woman is of excellent family, and will probably die.

ON TRIAL FOR POISONING.

CARTHAGE, Mo., Jan. 18.—Great preparations are making to-night by the state's attorneys for continuation of the preliminary examination of Charles Woodward and wife, which has been going on for the last three days. They are charged with the poisoning of Mrs. William Toms, of Webb City, who died last November. So far the testimony is circumstantial, but quite strong. The boy who was sent for the laudanum said to have been administered will be examined to-morrow, and, if he does not break down, is expected to develop enough proof to insure the binding over of the parties. There is a good deal of scandal connected with the case, and interest is increasing as the testimony is published.

CONFESSES HIS CRIME.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Jan. 20.—F. B. Webster, who is under arrest for a number of crimes, among them being the murderous assault upon and robbery of Chester Goodale at Egremont in September last, made a statement to-day to the effect that he and his uncle, Norman Notewise, planned the robbery of Goodale. Webster secreted himself in Goodale's barn, and lived there on provisions stolen from the cellar. Notewise joined him on Wednesday night. The plan was to throw a blanket over Goodale and rob him, but Webster states that Notewise did not use the blanket, but struck Goodale on the head with a club, knocking him down, and afterward struck him twice more. He then robbed him of \$22.50 and fled. Notewise, who is a bad character, was arrested this evening.

BUNGLING SAFE-BLOWERS.

LAGRANGE, Ky., Jan. 19.—For the past two years this place has been the scene of the operations of a regular organized band of robbers, and at intervals private houses and storerooms have been broken into and valuables taken off. Last night the most daring robbery of the series was committed. The drug-store of W. A. McDowell, situated in the center of the town, was broken into, holes drilled into his safe and the door blown off and the entire contents of the safe removed and carried off by the thieves. The loss sustained by Dr. McDowell will reach \$600 in cash, also his notes and accounts; besides there were private deposits in the safe amounting to much more. The work was executed in a bungling manner and was evidently done by either residents of the town or some one living close by.

FOUND IN THE LAKE.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 20.—One week ago Mrs. Lena Walther, a handsome and highly accomplished German lady, and the wife of Franz Walther, an extensive and wealthy brewer of the North Division, carefully attired herself and left her home as she usually does when intending to visit friends. She did not return at her usual hour. Inquiry among her acquaintances developing no trace of her created an alarm, and, after the second day of her disappearance, it became a mystery and remained so up to this morning, when her lifeless body, attired as when she left home, was found in the lake, opposite Lincoln Park. It is considered a case of suicide, but as the lady's family relations were pleasant as far as known, no cause for the act can be assigned. The lady was about thirty-five years of age, highly connected, and had been married to Mr. Walther about fifteen years, but they had no children.

ATTEMPTED MURDER AND SUICIDE.

CANTON, Ill., Jan. 18.—Last evening about 5 o'clock Al. Varnes, her lover, shot Mattie Ford in the head and then sent a bullet crashing through his own brain. The tragedy occurred at Lancaster, Peoria county, twelve miles east of Canton. The cause of the shooting was Mattie Ford's refusal to marry Varnes. The woman had been twice married and divorced, and has not had a good reputation for a year or more. Varnes has been paying attentions to her, and wanted her to marry him. She led him on in his suit until Thursday night last, when she told him she would not marry him, and wanted him to leave. A man named Stafford, a former husband of Mattie Ford's, has been visiting her occasionally, which aroused the passions of Varnes, who was not considered of very sound mind. It is supposed the woman dismissed Varnes to return to her first love. Varnes is dead. The woman will probably recover.

A BRAVE BOY.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 19.—Mr. P. R. Miller, of Garland county, who is now in the city, gives us the facts of a tragedy that recently occurred within fifty yards of his farm. A man named James Boren and Frank Price became involved in a quarrel. After several angry words and oaths Price seized a gun, when Boren seized him, and wrenching the gun from him, was about to shoot, when Price exclaimed to his sixteen-year-old son standing near: "Are you going to let him kill me?" The boy sprang to his father's side. His father was helpless in the arms of Boren. The boy drew a pistol from his father's pocket and fired

at Boren. The ball passed through Boren's body, and he fell. The boy fired again, and sent another ball through the prostrate form of his father's enemy. Boren did not live long after the conflict. Mr. Miller and Boren were enemies, an old feud existing between them, and Miller says that they have exchanged at least 200 shots.

THE END OF A SOCIAL PARTY.

SCRANTON, Pa., Jan. 19.—A shocking tragedy was perpetrated to-day at Springville, a quiet farming village a short distance from the flourishing town of Montrose, in Susquehanna county. The victim, Eugene Hawley, was a man well known in this section of the state. His slayer is named John Richards, who claims that the killing was justifiable. There had been a social meeting at the house of Richards, and high words passed between him and Hawley regarding some trifling matter. The dispute grew so warm that Richards forcibly ejected Hawley from his house and a violent scene ensued. Hawley then attempted to re-enter the house, when Richards seized a shotgun and fired at him. Hawley fell, pierced through the breast, and died almost instantly. He had ceased to struggle before the smoke of the deadly shot cleared away. The tragedy created great excitement and indignation in the neighborhood. Richards immediately surrendered himself to the authorities, and is now at Montrose prison.

MET THEIR MATCH.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 18.—John Lyons, aged twenty-six years, was arrested at noon to-day for an attempt to commit highway robbery, and assault with intent to commit murder. At 3 o'clock this morning James Ferry met two men on the Michigan Southern track at Twenty-ninth street. One of them stopped him, and laying his hand on Mr. Ferry's breast, said, "I want your money or your life." Ferry said, "No d—n money for you," at the same time striking at the robber with his fist. The robber then fired at Ferry, but missed him. Both robbers then ran and Ferry pursued, when the same one turned and fired again, hitting Ferry on the chin, wounding him quite severely. He was obliged to give up the pursuit, and reported the affair at the Twenty-second street station, giving a description of the parties, which led to the arrest of Lyons. Ferry identified him as robber No. 1. Lyons is already under indictment for assaulting Officer Dennis Quinlan, Nov. 24. He is a hard case. The officers expect to catch his pal.

A YOUTHFUL MURDERER.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 18.—A fatal cutting affray occurred at 8 o'clock this evening, corner of Linn and Findlay streets, resulting in the death of Fred Schmidt, a young butcher of good character and peaceable reputation. The killer is John Stoffel, a seventeen-year-old boy, who has never been in a fuss before. Schmidt, Stoffel and several friends of each were in a saloon at the place named, when Stoffel asked Schmidt to treat. The latter refused, which led to some angry words, and the discussion was carried out into the street, where blows followed. Stoffel and his two companions crowded up on Schmidt and beat him across the street. There Stoffel was heard to exclaim: "You —, I've got something for you," and struck three or four times at him with a knife. Schmidt fell and Stoffel and his friends ran away. Schmidt was carried home, near by, where he died in twenty-five minutes, not, however, till he had said that Stoffel stabbed him. There was only one wound, and that at the base of the neck, severing the jugular vein, from which he bled to death. Up to a late hour Stoffel had not been captured.

HANDS UP.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 16.—This morning, between 5 and 6 o'clock, a young man named J. M. Nichols was robbed of \$40 by a masked highwayman on the Rosendale road. Nichols is a young fellow, about nineteen years of age, and works for a quarryman named Thomas Roberts. The spot where the affair took place is on a part of the highway that is little traveled in the day-time, and not at all at night. Nichols was on his way to the quarry to work, when the robber jumped up from behind an old stump, and with a cocked revolver in his hand, ordered him to throw up his hands. Nichols complied, and the highwayman rifled his pockets, throwing what he did not want on the ground, and cursing because he did not find more money. When he had completed his operations he bade Nichols walk down the road with his hands still up, threatening to blow his brains out if he made any demonstrations of a hostile nature. The highwayman wore a mask—an old piece of gunny sack drawn over his head, with holes for the eyes, nose and mouth. Nichols is certain that he was robbed by some one who knew that he carried an amount of money with him, but no arrest has been made up to the present time.

"SIMPLY TIRED OF LIFE."

LEADVILLE, Col., Jan. 17.—Miss Minnie Mintom, better known as "Daisy," is a dance girl. Besides being pretty, she tried to commit suicide before daylight yesterday morning. The place was her own room over the Red Light Dance Hall, on State street, and the time was 5 o'clock yesterday morning. She had been dancing in the hall below pretty much all night, and on going to her room at the hour mentioned complained of being tired. A moment later Billy Conkling, who had a room on the same floor, in passing Miss Mintom's door, saw her leveling a revolver at her own head. He sprang forward just in time to strike down the girl's arm and cause the bullet to go through a window in place of Miss Mintom's head. On being questioned about the affair, she said, "There wasn't any love connected with it. I had simply tired of life, that was all. At the time I hardly knew what I was doing. Only I was certain that I wanted to die." She did not remember where she obtained the pistol, nor does she recollect placing it at her head. She had been drinking considerable, and probably this had something to do with the attempt at self-destruction. "Daisy" is about twenty-two years of age, and is pretty well known to those who are in the habit of frequenting the dance houses of State street.

WINE, WOMEN AND FARO.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Jan. 17.—Fred M. Spalding, late city clerk, who has been under arrest for the past six months on a charge of embezzlement in office, was tried in the district court this week and found guilty, and was to-day sentenced to four years and six months in the state prison. Spalding was first elected clerk of the city about four years ago, and was regarded by everybody as one of the most exemplary young men in the city. He was a member of the church. The principal argument in favor of his election was that he was such a moral, upright young man, and the people had great confidence in his integrity. Shortly after his election his morality began to weaken, and he had not been in office more than a few months before he began to fall into habits unbecoming a church member, but still nobody doubted his official integrity until after his election last spring. Major Fortesque, who came into office at that time, suspected something wrong, and upon making an examination found Spalding's accounts several thousand dollars in arrears. The mayor at once called upon him for an explanation, and Spalding absconded, but after a few weeks came back and gave himself up. A full examination of his affairs made by the mayor and council showed that he commenced his peculations almost as soon as he got into office. His money went for "wine, women and faro."

MEDICINE FOR TRAMPS.

STERLING, Ill., Jan. 13.—W. Smith, who lives in the township of Hopkins, in this county, came to town to-day, leaving his wife alone. A man came to the house dressed in a jeans or butternut suit, and asked if the man of the house was at home. Upon being answered in the negative, he remarked that he was a regular tramp, and proposed to have the best accommodations the house afforded. Mrs. Smith, who had the door partially opened, closed it with a bang, striking the tramp, who endeavored to effect an entrance. He kicked the door, and Mrs. Smith, fearing he would break down the door, took a loaded revolver and told him she would shoot. The tramp then went to a rear window and tried to pry it open. She again told him she would shoot. He then took a bottle out of his pocket, and said, "Madame, this is chloroform, and you will be my victim in less than half an hour." Mrs. Smith then pulled the trigger, and the tramp fell. He laid still a minute or two, then began getting up, showing in his efforts that his right arm was powerless. Finally he walked to the roadway, and then, with his other hand, loosened his clothing. He was covered with blood, and Mrs. Smith thinks the ball went into the tramp's body about half way from the shoulder to the neck. At the sight of so great an amount of blood Mrs. Smith fainted, and when she came to the tramp was gone. If any physician has been called to treat a wound of that character he will know by the description how it came.

DRUGGED AND OUTRAGED.

AXMON, O., Jan. 17.—A first class sensation has been developed to-day in the part of the city known as Spicertown. It was reported yesterday that the wife of Wm. Hart, a kiln-burner in the Spunkle Pottery, had eloped with a young man named George Nye, on Thursday night. The husband spent yesterday searching for his wife, but was unable to find her, and came to the conclusion that she had really left him. This morning he returned to his home and there found his wife, who was in a partially delirious state, but in her rational moments she related her adventures. She had been on friendly terms with Nye for a couple of weeks, but denies anything criminal in their friendship. She says that on Thursday evening Nye called, and, in the presence of her mother, gave her a package of candy, of which she ate in large quantities. Some time after she became strangely affected and went out of the front door, thinking fresh air would relieve her. She says she was followed by Nye, and soon she became unconscious, and she does not recollect anything from that time until yesterday afternoon, when she regained consciousness and found herself in a barn in the vicinity of her home. She left the house without wrappings, but when she recovered found herself covered with an old cloak. She made her way to the house, but seems to be suffering from some powerful drug. The woman is not in a condition, mentally, to give any further particulars; but every circumstance goes to show that she was drugged and outraged. Up to this hour the officers have been unable to get any trace of the perpetrator.

JUVENILE RUFFIANS.

UPPER SANDUSKY, O., Jan. 18.—An aggravating case was up before His Honor Judge Smalley yesterday afternoon, which for downright wickedness surpasses anything of its kind that has occurred here for a long time. Charley Carpenter, a young man universally admired for his many good qualities and unimpeachable character, accompanied a young lady home from a religious service on Friday evening last, and on their way they were overtaken by three young ruffians named Frank Barriek, Harry Ensminger and Frank Agarter, who indulged in all the indecent and obscene language that their vile tongues could utter. Not content with this they laid in ambush for the return of young Carpenter, and upon his reappearance, without any provocation, he was seized by Barriek, who, with a stone, pummeled him about the head and face until he was covered with cuts and bruises, and rendered utterly helpless. The cowardly villain would probably have killed the young man had not some people put in an appearance and interfered. Carpenter was picked up more dead than alive and carried to the nearest house, where he was properly cared for by kind friends. The guilty parties were promptly arrested yesterday by Constable Little and taken before the Justice of the Peace, who, after hearing all of the testimony in the case, bound each of the parties over to the February term of court. Although in a bad condition, young Carpenter was able to be present at the trial. The court-room was filled to overflowing during the progress of the trial, and the indignation of our people was aroused to its highest pitch. Barriek and Ensminger are old offenders, and the citizens have come to the conclusion that it is high time that something was done.

Bounced From the Old Plantation.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Major-General G. K. Warren, formerly commanding the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, accompanied by Captain Cotton and two or three brother officers of the United States Army, recently visited the battle-field of Five Forks, in Dinwiddie county, the scene of one of the last battles around Petersburg, Va. The object of their visit was to make a survey and plan of the field and the positions of the contending armies, to be used in the Court of



OFFICER LEE LYMAN, SHOT AND KILLED IN A SALOON BY THE NOTORIOUS JOHN FRANCIS; DAYTON, O.

**Drummed Out of Existence.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Jan. 13.—A letter to the *Appeal* which will appear to-morrow, of date Tusculum, Ala., Jan. 12, contains the following particulars of a desperate encounter between Peter Brizendine, traveling agent for a Louisville clothing house, and two tramps, near Jamestown, Ala., last Saturday. The letter states that Mr. Brizendine, on Saturday morning, left Jamestown to visit a customer four miles in the country, and returned late in the evening. When



JOHN FRANCIS, MURDERER OF OFFICER LEE LYMAN ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 16, AT DAYTON, O.

Inquiry before which Gen. Warren is having an investigation as to his promptness in moving to the fight. In order to get the exact data and a complete situation of affairs, it became necessary for Captain Cotton to run a line of survey through the premises of a gentleman living in the vicinity—which line was just outside of the yard of the residence—between it and the orchard. The owner of the property happened to be away from home at the time, and his wife was the custodian of the manor. She discovered that something unusual was going on, as to the nature of which she had not been informed, and about which her permission, it seems, had not been asked. Imagining that a trespass was being committed, she bravely went out to the spot with a double-barrel gun, and ordered the engineer and his assistants away. Captain Cotton, who, by the way, is a genial and courteous gentleman, undertook to explain his presence there and the object he wished to accomplish; but the lady declined to accept his explanation, declaring in a positive and determined manner that she did not intend to have the farm parceled out into "40-acre" lots. The Captain hesitated, hoping to be able to make his presence and his motives understood, but he was again ordered to leave—and that immediately—with an intimation from the lady that, though she was not in the last war, she would be in this if he did not move forthwith. The Captain quickly perceived that it would be wise in him to go, and he retired with the best grace possible under the circumstances. Subsequently, however, the object of the visit of the officers was explained to the lady by some of the neighbors, and the survey was allowed to proceed.

The misapprehension under which the lady labored was a very natural one, and she manifested remarkable courage and decision under the circumstances. Our opinion is more than ever confirmed that the Southern ladies are not only the fairest and gentlest, but the bravest in the world.

A COMMERCIAL AGENT ATTACKED ON THE HIGHWAY BY TWO ROBBER TRAMPS. KILLS ONE AND BEATS THE OTHER INSENSIBLE BY PLAYING A TATTOO ON HIS HEAD WITH A REVOLVER; NEAR MEMPHIS, TENN.



crossing the covered bridge that spans Clifty Creek he was seized by the throat by one of the highwaymen, while the other held the horse. It was very dark in the bridge, and Brizendine could not see his assailants; but, being a powerful, well-built man, he struggled desperately with his would-be murderers, and in the struggle managed to draw a revolver from his pocket, which he used with telling and fatal effect upon the robber, sending a No. 41 cartridge through his brain and killing him instantly. The other robber, a desperate fellow, then relinquished his hold upon the horse and attempted to wrench the revolver from Brizendine's hand. The struggle was desperate and the revolver fell from his hand and rolled away, and it was a hand-to-hand struggle.

Both were powerful men, but the plucky drummer finally threw his antagonist, and, dealing him a few powerful blows, knocked him senseless, and leaving him and his companion lying prostrate on the bridge, he hastened to Jamestown, and reached there in a state of great exhaustion. Informing the citizens of what had occurred, a large party started to the scene of the battle and brought in the two robbers, one of whom was a corpse. It is thought the other one is fatally injured. He has been restored to consciousness, and states that he and his companion were from Springfield, Ohio, and were tramping it through the country. Being driven to desperation, they attempted to commit a terrible crime. He refused to give any names. Great excitement prevails at Jamestown, as it is one of the most peaceable towns in the state, and such an affair is entirely without precedent.

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Buffed Thieves.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 19.—A bold attempt to rob the County Treasurer's safe was made this morning, in broad daylight. The thieves were detected before they had succeeded in securing any booty, but managed to effect their escape, despite a hot pursuit that was at once instituted.

BOUNCED FROM THE OLD PLANTATION—A SOUTHERN LADY, IMBUED WITH THE SPIRIT OF '61, DRIVES A PARTY OF UNITED STATES ARMY OFFICERS FROM HER FARM UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THEY ARE NORTHERN INVADERS; NEAR PETERSBURG, VA.

REDSKIN FESTIVITIES.

The Gentle Savages of Montana Have a Little Picnic in Their Own Peculiar Way—Dog a la Mode as a Dainty Article of Diet.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LINCOLN, Montana Ter., Jan. 12.—A correspondent thus describes the ceremonies of a notable Indian festival which recently took place near Poplar River: I have just witnessed the great Indian "sun dance," or worship of the sun. Great preparations had been made for it, and everything was on the grandest scale. The city lodges were moved, and the Indians encamped on a beautiful plain enclosing a hollow square large enough for the movements of thousands of horsemen. In the centre the great pavilion or medicine lodge was erected, 150 feet in diameter, the outside formed of small posts of green poplar and willow, thickly interwoven with green branches. Resting on this and on a framework within, all around for about twenty feet the space was covered with buffalo skins, forming the "dress circle," with places assigned to the musicians and actors or dancers. In the centre was the great medicine pole, fifty feet high. The diameter of the central space, about 100 feet, was open to the broad sunlight. Only the men occupied the deep circle, where they were feasted during the performance of twenty-eight continuous hours, during which time about forty

DOGS WERE KILLED AND EATEN.

besides large quantities of buffalo meat, wild turnip heads and hot caldrons of other eatables that are nameless. The audience was composed of about 5,000 Indians; but as only the men occupied the circle within, the common people, women and boys, had to be satisfied by viewing the performance through the wide entrance or through the interstices in leafy barriers. All had on their holiday attire; the dresses of some of the chiefs and those acting as directors or priests were gorgeous.

When all was prepared, amid the waving of banners, music and the loud shouting of the assembled throng, over fifty braves entered, each an Apollo, painted and naked to the waist, except a profusion of ornaments, with head-dresses of beautiful feathers, their black glossy hair reaching down to their lower garments, which were most beautiful and artistically arranged. Each carried in his hand an ornamented whistle, made from the bone of an eagle's wing, which was blown shrilly during the dancing. Each also carried a bouquet composed mostly of wild sage. Their appearance and reception were grand and imposing. The first afternoon's performance would have been called wonderful for display of heroism and power to endure and suffer. Many had from 50 to 200 pieces cut out of the living flesh from their arms and back. The dance was kept up all night with unabated fervor, every performance having something new and startling. But in the morning torture reigned supreme, men dancing with two, three and four buffalo heads suspended from

HOLES CUT IN THEIR FLESH.

One Indian dragged on the ground eight buffalo heads fastened to the flesh of his back, and in the stooping posture he was forced to assume they had lacerated or torn the cuts in his back to the extent of three inches. Others were held by four different cords, two in the breast and two in the back, fastened to four stakes; and still others were fastened to the center-pole with ropes which were fastened to the breast and back.

Some, in addition to being fastened by the flesh of their breasts, had buffalo heads suspended from the back, and they would be seized by the hanging heads and jerked until one would think their lives would be forfeited.

Chopped to Death.

Vicksburg, Miss., Jan. 17.—Mr. Peyton T. Strother,



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS MAUD MOORE, BURLESQUE AND VARIETY ACTRESS; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—SEE PAGE 2.

who has just returned from an extensive business tour up the Yazoo river, informs us of a case of homicide, which occurred on Friday last, on Col. J. H. Woolfolk's place, near Silver Creek. The facts, as far as we could ascertain them, are as follows: It seems that a negro man by the name of John Holt and his spouse, Martha, had been fighting and quarreling among themselves, and finally separated, the former charging the latter with frequent breaches of her marriage vows. The wife pleaded her innocence, and furthermore made countercharges of the same character against her husband. Notwithstanding the separation that had taken place between them as man and wife, Holt kept constant watch on Martha, and after dark would frequently go over to the house where she was stopping and chastise her most severely. This state of affairs had continued for some time, when a number of colored men, to whom the woman had made her complaints of her treatment at the hands of her husband, threatened to run Holt off the place if his brutal conduct towards his wife was not discontinued. Holt governed himself accordingly, and did not go near his wife for nearly a week. On last Friday evening, however, he called to see her, all smiles and good wishes. He invited her to return home, saying he had come to the conclusion that she had not been guilty of improper conduct, and that, if she would consent to go back with him, they would forget the past and live quietly and pleasantly together. The wife consented to return with her husband, in which move she was advised by her friends with whom she consulted upon the subject. About 12 o'clock of the same night Holt struck her on the back of the head with an ax, killing her instantly, after which he dragged the body about 150 yards from his house, and hid it away in a dense and almost impenetrable thicket. About 12 o'clock the next day the woman was missed by the colored people in the neighborhood. Holt was asked about her, to which he answered that she had run away from his house while he was asleep the night previous, and he did not know where she went. Whereupon a search was instituted, with the above result. Then blood was found on an ax belonging to Holt and on the floor of his cabin, and further discoveries made, all of which warranted the jury of inquest in finding that Martha Holt came to her death from the stroke of an ax in the hands of her husband, John Holt. Holt was then arrested and incarcerated in the jail at Yazoo City, shortly after which he confessed himself the murderer of his wife.

What Is It?

[Subject of Illustration.]

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Jan. 18.—The people of New Carlisle are greatly excited over the appearance of a genuine ghost just west of that place. The strange visitant appears about dark, wrapped in the folds of some delicate tissue, veiled face and a bright star in the breast, having the appearance of a female. It has been seen many times by different individuals of the neighborhood walking on the fences in the lanes in the vicinity of George Brown's residence. No one has yet attempted to go near the apparition. An incident occurred last night which convinces many of the genuineness of the ghost. A stranger who had never heard a word in regard to the apparition was passing the house of Mr. Brown with a horse and buggy. He saw the spectral form approaching him for a ride. He drew the lines on his steed and halted, when the beautiful personage took a seat in the buggy and they proceeded. After going a short distance the stranger not liking to have so beautiful a woman occupying the seat without so much as asking attempted the familiarity of putting his arm around her. He was so startled to discover that his arm passed through her form without disturbing it that he jumped from his vehicle and fled. He returned shortly afterwards and found the apparition had disappeared.



WHAT IS IT?—THE BEAUTIFUL APPARITION THAT APPEARED TO A TRAVELER UPON THE HIGHWAY, AND MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHED INTO AIR WHEN THE GALLANT LOTHARIO ATTEMPTED TO EMBRACE HER; NEAR NEW CARLISLE, IND.



TERRIBLE END TO A LIFE OF SHAME—ANNIE MARTIN, A PRINCE STREET COURTESAN IS FOUND DEAD IN HER BED—THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY AT THE TIME OF THE DISCOVERY OF HER BODY.—[SKETCHED BY GARNETT ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 6.]

MIDNIGHT PICTURES.

A Series of Illustrated Sketches of New York's Gas-Lit Life.

IN AFRICA.

At a Fandango in Thompson Street--The Female Tiger's Razor Attack Upon the Barber's White Girl.

DEFYING THE POLICE.

BY AN OLD BOUNDER.

We will plunge into Africa on this chilly, disagreeable night, from Washington square at Thompson street. There, on that corner, is the spot where, about a year ago, two gangs of young men met after midnight, had a fight, and one of them dropped dead on the sidewalk with a knife-thrust through his heart.

By Africa I mean, of course, the negro quarter, which is principally Sullivan and Thompson streets and the network of contiguous alleys. What used to be called "Little Africa," an adobe sort of court, three sides of which were formed by rotting tenement-houses, has been pulled down.

It is good that such is the case. Murder, theft, rapine and licentiousness skulked there. Enough blood was shed in its sombre precincts to dye its cobble-stones red, and it was the scene of innumerable police raids.

What has become of its terrible population--its human wolves, black and white? for the saddest sight we shall see in our rambles will be that of miscegenation.

Those who are not in jail, or on the way, are to be found in the neighborhood, never far.

Here's an oyster shop, with a blazing window, and red curtains at the door. Once inside, we find it a room with little eating places partitioned off against a wall. We occupy one and order some raw. It's the smallest risk we can run.

My only object in halting here is to allow some of the inhabitants to pass in review. Being an all-night place of a few pretensions, it is morally certain that customers will drop in. So they do. The first is a genuine Thompson street sport with his "daisy" on his arm. His collar is like the fence around a race-track, and his hat glistens in the rays of the lamp that turn his diamond stud into a pinwheel of coruscating glory.

She is a rainbow, a beribboned beauty, whose teeth gleam with satisfaction when the young man conducts her to an eating box and asks her what she'll have.

Contrary to my expectations, she ordered pigs' feet. It wasn't a bit romantic.

Two young men, fancy, light-complexioned fellows, come in to have a drink, and mention a dance.

"So you're having a good time, eh?" the man behind the counter says.

"Splendid. It's a bang-up ball. How many tickets did you sell for us?"

"All but four."

"Good; try to get rid of them."

It was in this manner that we knew there was a dance in the neighborhood, in fact right across the way; that we learned tickets were to be had for twenty-five cents each, and that we finally went.

The fandango was being held in the back parlor of one of those large houses which have been the homes of respectable New Yorkers, mercifully gathered to their fathers before it was possible to witness the degradation.

No surprise was expressed by the young man at the door, who took our hats and coats, charging the modest sum of ten cents for his supervision of the articles, at our being "white trash." Neither did the ticket-taker consider our visit anything out of the regular line, and if either of us anticipated creating a sensation he was grievously disappointed.

The scene: A bed-room with the bed pushed to the wall, making space enough for two square sets, or about five waiting couples. Two negro fiddlers on chairs placed on a coal-box, which had been covered with chintz to give it an elegant appearance. Three or four colored gentlemen sitting on the bed, as many more standing near the stove, which had been allowed, most providentially, to grow cold, and all of them eagerly watching the polka which was then in progress. There were five women dancing, and two of them were white.

One was coarse, red-faced, shameless, with traces of the most terrible dissipation. She leered horribly at us, who stood modestly near the door, and produced in my case, every time she did so, the sensation experienced at sea upon the ship lurching just as you are going to reach for something on the dinner table.

The other woman was young and pretty. She actually blushed when she whirled by us in the sickening grasp of a five-cent barber. I thought of the many inexplicable cases of mealliance and miscegenation which have been printed in the newspapers of late, but relinquished the attempt at finding a theory. There is none.

A slight pause at the end of the dance, during which we were asked if we desired partners for the next, which was to be a waltz. We did not desire partners. A smart, pert and very saucy octoon, who was all in white save a bright silk handkerchief which she had wrapped picturesquely about her head, maintained that if we didn't dance we must buy the gin. Most willingly. A small boy, a big stone bottle and a fifty-cent piece went away together. After the drink the fiddlers struck up and the dance went on.

"No, you don't. You can't keep me out. Stand back, you ---, or I'll open you like a mackerel!" These sounds, in a woman's voice, mingled with the protestations of men in the hall had barely become a mystery before the woman's bounding into the room explained it all.

Try to imagine a tiger-cat landing square in the centre of a festive gathering, and you have the attitude at least of this coffee-colored, full-breasted, handsome but savage, faced negress, who stood with arms akimbo, a la Mme. Angot, in the midst of the halted dancers, and fastened her eyes of flame upon the barber who had been dancing with the young white woman.

It is impossible to tell in correct detail what happened next. The new-comer was the deserted wife of the barber, and she had at last run him to earth while in company with his last amanuensis. These facts I fished from the torrent of curses, abuse, recrimination and murderous threats which she poured upon the pair. Then, pulling a razor from her breast, she flashed it open and made a spring for the white girl.

Whatever else the barber may be, he was loyal to the one under his charge. It was his arm that caught the

blow, and it was he who, after the fainting girl had been dragged to the bed, engaged in a struggle for the possession of the weapon. Being married to the woman, he possibly knew her weak points, for in a little while he had secured the razor and thrust from him the now weak and powerless creature, whose face, however, still retained the murderous gleam which had come upon it so suddenly.

I cannot tell how it all ended. We make it a point not to be present at moments of very serious import. It is not over pleasant to be a witness in a negro murder trial, and the public generally are so incredulous that it would be difficult to make them believe that we had been on hand merely in the line of duty.

During the continuation of our stroll in Africa we had the felicity, at the corner of Spring and Sullivan streets, of seeing an officer knock down a fleeing "nigger," and furthermore of an attempt made by the crowd of low blacks and whites, which cellar dives and dark alleys seemed to vomit instantly, to rescue him from the two in uniform, the pursuing policeman having arrived.

There was no particular reason why the negro, who had been found tampering with a warehouse window, should be rescued; but Africa in such matters acts on impulse. It recognizes the officers as natural enemies, and fall upon them with clubs and stones, the slatternly women joining in.

Being peaceable citizens, we recognized policemen and Africans equally as foes, and disappeared, leaving the two men backing with their handcuffed man and threatening to fire the drawn revolvers they presented. This cowed the rabble. They slunk back into holes and noisome cellars, there to fester in defiance of the Board of Health.

SEASONING.

No kissing by telephone for us. We prefer to take the electricity direct from the battery.

A MAN never realizes how frail he is until he bursts a suspender button from his pants among a group of ladies, and finds himself slowly falling to pieces.

WHAT a bang-up creature a girl is, anyhow. She bangs her hair, bangs the piano, bangs her arms and bangs the door and her little brother, when she is mad.

An article describing the "hottest place on earth" is going the rounds of the newspapers. The small boy, fresh from the application of his mother's slipper, knows where it is.

When a young girl keeps her dress down in muddy weather you can depend upon it that she's either got a homely ankle or a hole in her stocking. Now we'll have some fun. He, he, he!

JOHN MORRISSEY'S widow says she taught him all he ever knew, and when we remember how many tricks he had with that ugly left hand, one can't help but admire the woman he left behind.

When a man talks too much in Russia they vaccinate him under the ears. If Russia could only move over here for a week or so, we'd furnish it with enough subjects to start a respectable graveyard.

An Illinois clergyman meets a heart-broken girl on the train; tells her there is a better land; supports her fainting form; helps her off at a small station, and finds his watch and \$20 gone. Does it pay to be good?

AH, Miss Tickle! you take us so much by surprise; we were not prepared for this; we feel so agitated! Oh, why did you mention the matter at all? We can always esteem you as a friend, but you know we are another's!

OBITUARY.

Little Mabel's zebra stockings
Gently hang across a tub;
Brother George will find them useful
When he starts his base-ball club.

ALTHOUGH we have but very few female gamblers in this country, the dear creatures, like the foolish moth, like to get as near danger as possible. The present state of the streets show that they wear rouge and stockings.

The old man caught him with his head in her lap, and when the old man began to whoop around and break things she said that George was scratching his head and she was investigating matters. George allows that Sarah is far-seeing.

MRS. LORNE is expected to return from England in time for the opening of the Dominion Parliament. It will be a busy season around the house then, and what with wash-days, and Mr. Lorne being obliged to have a boiled shirt every day, etc., it would hardly do for Louise to be away.

A NASHUA man sang, "Don't be angry with me, darling," while he lapped his wife with a stirrup strap. But she got the bulge on him, and stood on his stomach, while she strewed his hyperion curls about the kitchen floor, and warbled, while she twined her lily fingers in his Auburn locks, "Darling, you are growing bald."

AN ambitious but misguided woman in Lyons, N. Y., went into a dressmaker's establishment the other day and had her dress "fitted" until one of her ribs was broken. This is a solemn warning to young women. The same amount of pressure spread over two or three Sunday nights would have done the unfortunate woman more good and made some young man happy.

The annual mania for body-snatching is around this way, and the papers are full of reports of outrages of this kind. We dreamed the other night that our mother on our wife's side had returned to earth and was furnishing us with our old-time breakfast of tongue. If somebody'll steal her box we'll stand treat. It has a nice silver plate on it and is bordered with beautiful little thumb-tacks of the same metal.

Pass the butter gently, Mabel;
Shove it lightly thro' the air;
In the corner of the dish, love,
You will find a nut-brown hair.
What fond memories it awakens
Of the days when we were wed,
When upon my good coat collar
Oft was laid your little head.
Lovingly I stroked those tresses,
In the happy days gone by;
Now I stroke them every meal time,
In the butter or the pie.

YOUNG Julep, who is a young man of wide experience, says that hugging a girl with one of these fashionable broad belts buckled around her, is just as satisfactory as hugging a life-preserver. Ah, well, Julep, it can't be helped; it's one of the concomitants of the degeneracy of the times. There didn't use to be any such nonsense in belts. When we were a boy, and you caught hold of a girl in a big sleigh for a respectful but not too formal squeeze, you could hear the corset rods, too, one after another, like a skirmish line firing by file. That is, if you were half a man, and did what was expected of you. But times have changed sadly since then. —Bardette.

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

No More Bowers, With Striped Uniforms, in the Blackwell's Island Boat Clubs.

CONVICTS' CHANCES COLLAPSING.

A Rambling Sketch of the Place Where Tweed Once Lived.

EXTRACTS FROM A YOUNG GIRL'S STORY.

By PAUL PROWLER.

I am very glad to see that the commissioners have acted promptly and favorably in the matter of the petition of Warden Fox of the Penitentiary, on Blackwell's Island, to do away with convict rowers in the boat patrol system, introducing in their stead paid pullers at the oars.

This thwarts the convict who desires to escape through collusion with his friends in the city, and gives employment to men whose records are not stained with crime. I have always been a champion of the idea that big penal institutions should not be made self-supporting, and run altogether on the principle of a country grocery store. These views I expressed last summer in a paper on severe punishment at Sing-Sing, and I have had no reason to change my mind.

The idea, however, does not enter largely into the boat reform at Blackwell's Island, but since it provides a mere handful of honest people with the means of livelihood, and forces as many convicts to give up dreams of rescue and escape, I am content to call the step a wise one, and to congratulate Warden Fox upon having been rendered able to take it.

Ever since I have been writing and prowling about New York, escapes of Blackwell's Island convicts, through the simple process of either overpowering the guards unaided, or by the connivance of a strange boat load of short-haired roughs, accidentally met, of course, upon the river, have been just as regular an item of news, liable to make its appearance in the papers with more or less regularity, as the quotation of stocks, the loss of steamers, or any other of the thousand and one happenings that go to make up the printed gossip of a great journal.

I remember talking to a young villain in the Tombs, who was to "do" six months. They had him there in what is called the penitentiary cell, where the sentenced are kept until the van load is made up, just as the march toward the Siberian mines is not begun until a pretty "decent-sized" chain-gang is accumulated.

It was from this particular young villain that I gained my first knowledge of the contempt with which Blackwell's Island, as a place of detention, is looked upon by the class of thieves to which he belonged. He said he had been there three times, and had escaped twice; that it was possible to escape at almost any time; that many of the keepers were corrupt; that it wasn't much of a swim anyhow, and that the crews in the boats had particularly good chances.

In the course of this interesting conversation I asked him if it was his intention to remain throughout the term of his sentence. He hadn't quite made up his mind yet, he said, and his action in the matter would depend a great deal upon what kind of a winter it was likely to be.

His last escape was effected by scaling a section of fencing, running a short distance through the gloom, and then plunging boldly into the river, a la Baron Teuch.

"But the guards! were you not fired upon?"

"Yes, what of that; the guard was more loaded than the gun."

All this, it must be borne in mind, was some time back, and although there have been many escapes since, it is scarcely probable that the island is the same now that the thief described. Warden Fox is emphatic in stating that with the paid rowers he will guarantee to render a good account of the birds sent to his stone nests.

I take occasion here to deny that Courtney has applied for one of the oarsman positions. Courtney never pulls unless the boat has been tampered with, unless he has had his usual glass of poisoned iced tea, and unless the customary wire is stretched across the course to upset him.

When a convict does escape by swimming he is either picked up by a boat on the lookout for him, or he has a "pal" waiting at the foot of the steep hills opposite the upper end of the island. There he hastily strips, throws his convict garb overboard, puts on other clothing, and vanishes.

But not for very long. It is stated in the papers that he is gone, and the police of his neighborhood simply keep their eyes open. They know he will not leave New York; in fact you can't club these people away from the metropolis.

They know also that he will soon turn up at his usual haunts. It is the problem of the iron-filing and the horse-shoe magnet utilized. Whether it is to see his girl, and Great Grief, do not some of them have pretty women? or to confer with his pals, he is seen about the old corners, and immediately arrested.

The penitentiary cell at the Tombs on the morning when a squad is to be sent away is quite a scene. It is in reality a double cell. You look in through the grating and see a crowd of prisoners, old, middle-aged, young, showing in their faces the various emotions which the occasion is capable of producing.

Some laugh, some try to and fail, others look very serious indeed, and I have seen them break down completely.

Just before they are led into the corridor, they have hot soup and bread. All prisoners leaving the care of Warden Finn have a chance to go away with a stomach full of food, and if they do not avail themselves of the circumstance it is their own fault.

Here they are in the hall. We will watch them put in the van, and then take a trip to the island with them, by riding to the foot of Twenty-sixth street, East River, where the boat lays.

At the book-keeper's desk they are ticked off in the ledger and given to the officer of the island who is waiting for them. The van is in the courtyard. There is another at the door of the female prison into which bleary-eyed and tangle-haired women are getting.

They also are bound for the "Island Blackwell," and to some it is more a case of "going home" than they can hope to attain under any other earthly circumstances.

Our male birds get in their coach noisily, and scramble for good seats. One young man yells out to no one in particular that he'll "miss some of the dances, but will be down in time for the picnics and large excursions." The doors are locked, the drivers of the two diligences of sin

climb to their places, and clatter about the corner, through the large gates and out into the street.

The boat is ready at Twenty-sixth street with steam up. No delay. One of the commissioners and a few of his friends on a visit to the island chat gaily as the craft breasts the East River and heads for the home of the convict.

I do not propose to describe Blackwell's Island in detail. Its prominent position upon the bosom of one of our beautiful rivers, as if it were a festering ulcer, has made the place perfectly familiar to all New Yorkers. There are hundreds also who have been there.

I do not mean as prisoners, but as visitors. Boss Tweed was there in both capacities. Speaking of the "Boss," I never visit or pass Ludlow Street Jail without wondering whether the "Big Six" glanced up as he entered at the white stone above the door, in which his name is chiseled as one of the municipal authorities at the time the prison was opened.

Probably not. The old man's heart was too full, and at that time he sighed for nothing so much as retirement. I always pitied the "Boss," and respected the manly way in which he took his punishment. Yes, not only his, but the punishment, also, of others of the "Ring" who had fared better than he.

There's the window of the cell in that sombre pile where he was put for a short time after his arrival upon the island when he was sent there to serve twelve years before drawing his check for \$12,500, the fine.

He was certainly subjected on his arrival to the humiliating ordeal through which any of my "scallawag" friends in the van had to pass, and it is said, or at least I find it so stated in one of the many accounts printed of his reception, that this it was which broke his heart.

When asked his business, during this ordeal, he replied, "A statesman" — an answer which was full of the grimest satire.

I have before me the account of a young lady's visit to Blackwell's Island, written by herself and published years ago, from which I shall make a few extracts. This is the sparkling manner in which she begins:

"Blackwell's Island lies long and narrow in the East River, with upper New York on one hand, and the sunny villages of Ravenswood and Astoria on the other. You may get to it by the regular ferry, past the stench and suggestions of the Morgue, at the foot of Twenty-sixth street, with convicts' friends for your company or convicts themselves, pent in the stifling prison van unseen; or you can miss the boat, as we did, and make your way to Sixty-first street, where, by signal, the warden's row-boat shoots across, manned by innocent-faced youth in striped garments, with shaved heads, who row as swiftly and as noiselessly as charoms and to almost as grim abodes."

This will do very well as a picture of what was. It will be different under the new regime.

She gets into the hospital, and speaks of the fallen women she meets there, and then gushes for a page or so about how nice and pure they all were once.

"Two girls were sitting by the window, evidently convalescents, who flaunted, and stared, and giggled as we passed; and on a table near the entrance of the room a pure white hyacinth raised its beautiful bells toward heaven—a silent, fragrant, mocking foil."

Be very careful to observe that it isn't Paul Prowler who is tossing his pen about in this wild manner. These be the eloquence of a lady fair.

In one ward there had been thirty births during the month and only ten illegitimate. She says in italics: "Only ten were illegitimate."

You see it was a short month.

She goes to the penitentiary next, and speaks of Mr. Tweed's long sentence. The next highest is five years, on separate counts.

This is the routine for the day. It is substantially the same now: "Rise at 5, bathe, make beds, breakfast. Away in gangs to work at tailoring, shoemaking, chair-making, stone-breaking, and the building of sea walls. Back—I had almost said home—for dinner at noon. To work again, and supper at 5. Then locked in their narrow cells, to begin all over again to-morrow. It is the history of the Danaides repeating itself."

She saw the almshouse, and the workhouse, and the lunatic asylum. It was in the female lunatic asylum that an old lady, the last time I was there, insisted upon surreptitiously giving me pieces of coal. I had to take them, and by the time we got through the ward I had enough to start a Baxter street coal business, for in that classic region I have seen the poor wretches buy it almost by the tin cup. I unloaded when I got outside.

Our young lady takes the grand round and sees everything, moralizing as she goes, and scattering lilies and rosebuds all over her pages. She comes to the conclusion that it isn't a nice place to live for any protracted period. I cannot say that I agree with her. Its situation is most admirable, and if Fate should turn the key and shoot the bolt in my case, I prefer Blackwell's Island to any retreat in the world. No one can tell what may happen. I might become a defective wire contractor.

I often think of this in the stifling nights of summer. In our tenement-house quarter men, women and children lay gasping for breath, while the cool bay and river breezes sweep the island from end to end.

In the daytime the river is a constant panorama. You cannot blot out its active life from the convict gaze. On one side the great city is spread before them, and from their position while at work they can recognize the neighborhoods where they were brought up—before the judge.

The island was sold to the city by a man whose name it bears. Its position, of course, has rendered the many escapes more possible than they would have been otherwise, but, now that convict crews are to be abolished, there will be a police cordon about the place which even my villainous young friend will find it difficult to penetrate.

Richard K. Fox, the enterprising publisher of the POLICE GAZETTE, has commenced a series of sketches of New York life, entitled "New York Gas-Lit Life," being a collection of life pictures and faithful portraits, not found upon the surface, but notwithstanding, having an existence in fact. To those curious to know of New York life behind the scenes, no better means can be formed to satisfy such curiosity than to read the POLICE GAZETTE. Daily Democrat, Marango, Iowa.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE is decidedly one of the best illustrated newspapers in the country. In addition to its numerous other interesting features, it is now presenting to its readers a series of light, racy and truthful illustrated sketches, entitled "New York's Gas-Lit Life," being a collection of pictures of life and phases of character in the metropolis such as do not appear upon its surface, but are nevertheless most realistic and faithful portraits from nature. The articles are illustrated by the best artistic talent in the country, while the descriptive portion is from the pen of one of the most gifted journalists of the English-speaking press, who, it is conceded on all sides, has had no equal in this style of writing since the pen dropped from the master-hand of Dickens, with whom he has not inaptly been compared.—The Missouri Free Press, Elizabethtown, Tenn.

DEADLY DIVES.

A Sixth Avenue Palace of Sin That Has
a Very Lengthy Record
of Infamy.

THE OLD ARGYLE ROOMS.

The Former Resort of Libertines and Fast
Men About Town Who Used
it as a Decoy for

LURING INNOCENT GIRLS TO RUIN.

[Illustrated by GAZETTE Special Artists.]

Let us continue our rounds to-night of "sight-seeing," and join the reckless mob who act as if life was one whirl of pleasure, and the chief end of man its attainment. And so it is. But, alas, our course lies among that class who revel in the sensual, the base—that sort of pleasure which, garnished over with the gilding of sin, hides from view the rottenness that is festering beneath, that sooner or later oozes to the surface, inoculating the blind votaries of vice with its immoral virus—and then, *cuius* degradation, ruin and death!

Here, prominent among these human Tattersalls, where souls are bartered for lucre, where virtue is a myth and chastity in woman a subject of brutal jest, stands the Haymarket, whose very walls seem eloquent with warning to the thoughtless pleasure-seekers who turn life into one grand chase after its follies.

"What's in a name?" The Haymarket. Visions of the glorious old pile of ancient London come thronging to the mind, where in the days of long ago the intellectual giants of the drama trod the boards, and deeds of valor and heroic action lived again in all their pristine glory.

But only for a moment are we allowed such pleasant reflections. We are unpleasantly reminded that our Haymarket is a long way the opposite of its glorious namesake. A fair, frail girl not yet out of her teens jostles us as we stand before the doorway, and turning around rips out a string of oaths that would make a Methodist deacon stand on his head with horror.

She is drunk; this is too shamefully apparent, and as she staggers through the doorway, we follow and, paying our admission fee, enter into the palace of sin.

We will seat ourselves aloof from the "maddening crowd," and intrenched behind a glass of beer, take observations of the scene of revelry that is going on about us.

But first let us review the record of this den of infamy, for it is nothing less, pure and unadulterated.

It first figured in public notice as the Argyle Rooms, devoted to masked balls, *soirees* and the exemplification of the latest editions of Parisian frivolities. All of the follies and immoral pleasures of the gay capital of France found in it a very fertile garden in which to bloom anew in this city.

Here the *blase* men about town came in force to satiate their vicious propensities, the empty-headed sons of wealthy parents, the young man with a passion for living beyond his means, and the headstrong girls who supplied the brothels that line the neighboring streets with inmates.

In short, it was nothing less than a public house of assignation, and could its walls speak they would tell a terrible tale of lost virtue, of ruined homes, heart broken mothers and fathers, and clear the mystery that hovers over many a lone grave in Potter's Field.

Young, innocent girls have been lured to this resort, who left everything behind them within its doors that made them respected and loved, and played in one short evening the prologue to a drama whose finale was disgrace and death.

But we have not come here to-night to moralize or indulge in retrospect. The business of the hour is mirth, and the merry throng about us give ample evidence that they are out upon the same errand. Richly-dressed courtesans come strolling in, with nothing attractive left save their gaudy apparel. Dissipation has left its imprint on their faces, and rouge and paint as they may, the marks of their sin-stained lives remain in characters as livid as fire.

Close to their train come their male prototypes, flashy and shallow-pated, with sensuality outlined in every action. The gratification of their depraved instincts is the be-all and end-all of their existence: their highest ambition to be known as "mashers."

There is a good sprinkling, too, of the shrewd sharpers who prey upon their kind and live upon their wits. Gamblers, bogus doctors, thieves, pimps, and, last and not contemptible of all, the fancy man who ekes out his existence upon the wages of infamy which these wretched women who sit about us are guilty of.

Up in the gallery this queer mixture of sinful humanity sit in parties of three and four, and the clinking of glasses, the hollow laugh of affected gaiety, tells of scenes of revelry yet to come when the night shall have grown older.

With each hour the throng grows larger, the neighboring dives supplying the quota of sight-seers who having tired of the allurements of one den seek pastures new in which to pander to their natures.

Every arrival gives new impetus to the scene. The sleek-looking waiters are kept flying to and fro to supply the thirsty crowd with inspiration of a liquid nature. Girls scarce out of their teens, in a maudlin state of intoxication already, dispose of each round of drinks between whiffs of their cigarettes, with all the alacrity and relish of a confirmed smoker.

Meanwhile, on the waxed floor beneath, to the music of the orchestra, the dancers are gliding through the lively measures of the waltz and polka, quite indifferent as to whether to whether they keep within the bounds of decorum or not.

There is very little modesty wasted in the execution of any figure, you will observe, as most of the participants feel no restraint in indulging their lascivious natures to the utmost limit.

And why should they? Every means are provided for the gratification of their tastes and kindred spirits hostile them at every turn.

The order of the night is fun at whatever cost, and the guests have full license to act as they see fit or feel disposed.

Far into the morning the riotous *habitudes* of the Haymarket prolong their debauch, and stagger forth—the most of them—to fling it up in the various brothels that flourish in the neighborhood.

The Haymarket is an imitation of the Buckingham in its character of vice, but fails in many points to sustain the character of its rival. It is superlatively bad, with but little to say in extenuation.

As policy has always been a conservative one so far as

wickedness is concerned, and it will still continue to exercise a deadly influence upon the morals of all who enter its doors, so long as the present carelessness is manifested by the officers who permit it to exist.

There are too many of its class in this city and the authorities should take some means to wipe them out. And a very good beginning could be made with this old-time temple of sin.

SPORTING NOTES.

RYAN and Goss will batter each other on May 18 for a purse of \$2,000.

OXFORD and Cambridge are to again change the date of their annual boat race.

Rowell has purchased a farm in England with the money he won in America.

At Racine, Wis., James Roden ran 10½ miles in 59m. 45s., for a wager of \$200.

DAVE FORCE has signed to fill the position of short-stop for 1880 with the Buffalos.

THE fastest bicycle time for 100 miles is 6h. 26m. 43s., made by W. Phillips, at Hull, England.

A FIRST CLASS bicycle rider can make a mile in three minutes. This time has been beaten on several occasions.

EDWIN BIBBY and Andre Christol are to wrestle the best three in five falls, Graco-Roman, in Boston, Mass., Jan. 24, probably at Music Hall.

CAPTAIN PAUL BOXTON and Captain Webb, the professional swimmers, are at Jacksonville, Fla., where they will give exhibitions of their natatory powers.

SPENCER, the famous Thames oarsman, has issued a challenge to row any man in America, from 133 to 135 pounds, three or four miles, for £100 to £200 a side.

MIKE DONOVAN, of Chicago, has covered George Rooke's deposit, and accepts all of Rooke's conditions, and the fight is likely to take place in Canada on the day and date with Ryan and Goss, May 18.

HANLAN, the oarsman, is having a shell constructed in Toronto, Can., for sculling on ice. It will be run on skates, and the sculls furnished with spikes. He expects to be able to make a mile in three minutes.

A NUMBER of aquatic sportsmen are now in Florida. A great single-scull race, in which George W. Lee, whose achievement on the Thames caused such a flapping of the eagle's wings recently, will take part, is announced to come off on the St. Johns River on the 31st inst.

JEM MACE, the ex-champion of heavy weights, writes from Australia that he is prepared to match his pupil, Lawrence Foley, the present light weight champion of Australia, against Billy Edwards, of New York, for any sum Edwards or his American backers may name, from £500 to £1,000 a side.

A PIGEON-FLY, under the auspices of the Rhode Island Homing Pigeon Society, took place Jan. 14 from Stonington, Conn., to Providence, R. I., a little over forty-one miles. It was a match between John Taylor's Jimmy Knutton and Michael Hunt's O'Leary, for \$25 a side. The former won in the poor time of 2h. 21m., nearly 32min. quicker than the opposing pigeon.

TEX SEK, the Indian girl, defeated Lillie Denman in a five-mile run at the Pavilion, San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 1, accomplishing the distance in 45m. 12s. At the same place, Jan. 3, Powers won a two-hour walk, accomplishing 10 miles 5½ laps, and defeating McLean and Tracy. Jan. 4, O'Rourke, of Santa Clara, ran ten miles in 1h. 9m. 45s., defeating Guerrero Jr., and winning \$100. Guerrero, in an attempt to beat Peter McIntyre's mile time, failed; he took 5m. 49s. to cover the distance.

O'LEARY has sent a lucid reply to Weston, expressing his willingness to meet him in a 142-hour race at any time and in any city in the United States. The bitterness between these two veteran pedestrians is so great that there is but little doubt now that a match will be made between them. Neither will accept a technicality as a means of withdrawing, as either is certain he can beat the other. The match, if it takes place, will occur either in New York or San Francisco—at least, that is about Dan's idea of it.

GREAT preparations are being made for a wrestling match in Chicago between two women, one of them from Chicago, the other from New York. Challenges and counter-challenges have been sent, and the representatives of the lady collar-and-elbow experts are now in Chicago for the purpose of holding a consultation. The Chicago man is anxious to have the match take place in Chicago, and the New York man wants the novel sporting event to occur in Gotham. Chicago will probably be selected as the place best fitted for the match.

A MAIN was fought on Manhattan Island on the night of Jan. 15 between chicken-fanciers of Rochester and the metropolis. The conditions of the main were that each side should show fifteen birds between 4h. 20z. and 5h. 30z., and fight all that fell in weight for \$100 the battle and \$500 the odd. The select assemblage of admirers of the sport present witnessed some of the best fighting seen in a long time, but the fanciers from the northern part of the state were overwhelmingly successful, winning six out of the eight battles fought, the three remaining matches not being contested.

THE twenty-five-mile walking match, for \$100 a side, between Ed. C. Holske and Geo. H. Hosmer, was decided at Revere Hall, Boston, Mass., Jan. 17, and resulted in an easy victory for Holske, who carried his man along at a tremendously fast pace, and finally broke him up after a little more than thirteen miles in 1h. 54m. 31s. Holske continued walking until he had covered sixteen miles in 2h. 22m. 35s. When Hosmer quit he was a quarter of a lap (twenty-five to the mile) behind, but Holske could not get further ahead had he desired. Frank Bibber kept the score and A. L. Esterbrook was referee.

THE match between Michael Donahoe and John Murphy's Unknown, to wrestle in collar-and-elbow fashion, best two in three falls to win, for \$200 a side, has at last been decisively arranged to take place at Temperance Hall, 78 and 78 Varick street, near Canal, on Monday evening, Feb. 2. The men are limited in weight to 180lb., and are to go to scale between 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. on Feb. 2, and in order to avoid trouble and waste of time the parties should come to an agreement this week as to the time to meet, and weigh in each other's presence, both, of course, using the same scales. This match has been so long talked about that the contest ought to be exciting and well worth witnessing.

A MAIN of cocks between parties representing respectively New York and Philadelphia was fought on Long Island on the night of Jan. 14, commencing at 11 o'clock and winding up after daylight on the 15th. The agreement was to fight all that fell in after showing seventeen birds each, for \$50 a side each battle and \$400 the odd. Eleven matches were made, and the result was victory for New York, who won the first battle in 3m., the second in 10m., the sixth in 17m., the seventh in 6m.

40s., the eighth in 9m. 40s., and the tenth in 28m., making a total of six wins, while Philadelphia won the third in 15m., the fourth in 3m. 40s., the fifth in 55s., the ninth in 28m., and the eleventh in 38m.—a total of five.

In regard to the challenge issued by Frank Johnson, of Boston, to William Gale, for an endurance walking match, Gale publishes the following in *Bell's Life*: William Gale, of Cardiff, is willing to walk him from five hundred hours upward, providing that each man shall be compelled to walk not less than two miles and a half each hour, the said distance to be started at the commencement of every hour, and each man to be allowed to do as much more as he likes, providing he stops at least five minutes before the expiration of the hour, either man failing to complete four hundred and fifty miles each week to lose. Gale would prefer walking Johnson one thousand hours, each man to walk not less than half a mile every quarter of an hour, starting at the commencement of each period of fifteen minutes, and neither man to rest more than seven minutes at a stretch. Gale is quite agreeable to the proposed amount of stakes, viz., £400 a side, and will allow Johnson the £50 he desires to walk in England. If Johnson will forward articles and a deposit to any of the London sporting papers Gale will at once come to terms.

THE oarsmen on both sides of the Atlantic are excited over what promises to be the greatest and most important single-scull race that ever took place in this country, and which will bring together the professional champions of the world in a grand contest which will be rowed in these waters this season. Mr. Soule, the president of the Hop Bitters Company of Rochester, N. Y., being disgusted over the fizzle between Hanlan and Courtney in the single-scull race for the \$5,000 purse, has decided to hold a grand single-scull race open to all oarsmen in the world. The distance is to be five miles and he has decided to offer a purse of \$5,000. Mr. Soule has given entire charge and control of the race and all the preliminaries relating thereto to the president of the Eastern Rowing Association of Boston, whose regattas have been so successfully conducted, Mr. Soule reserving the right that the referee selected should be acceptable to himself and the majority of the rowers. In addition to the purse of \$5,000, he will pay \$100 to each professional oarsman, not exceeding five, who crosses the Atlantic, and \$200 each for not exceeding two oarsmen from Australia, who row in this race, for expenses. The race is to be for the single-scull championship of the world, and to be rowed on June 17, at a place selected by Mr. Soule and the president of the Eastern Rowing Association. Elliott, the champion oarsman of England; Higgins and Boyd, have decided to enter for the race, and latest advices from Australia state that Mr. Punch has decided to bring Trickett and Laycock to row for the prize. The Halifax Rowing Association will enter Warren Smith, and, what with Hanlan, Courtney, Riley and Kennedy, the United States will witness one of the grandest races ever witnessed.

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